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CHARLES MINOT
CLASS OF 1828

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A

SUMMER IN THE AZORES

WITH

A GLIMPSE OF MADEIRA

BY

C. ALICE BAKER

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TO
S. M. L.,
MY LIFE-LONG FRIEND AND COMPANION;
AND
E. L. C.,

TO WHOSE AFFECTION I OWE MY

Summer in the Azores.

CAMBRIDGE, May, 1882.

PREFACE.

MY apology for printing these fragmentary impressions must be found in the fact, that excepting a delightful magazine article on Fayal, by Colonel T. W. Higginson, there exists no satisfactory picture of life in the Azores.

Barely mentioned in the geographies, these islands have hitherto been almost neglected by the pleasure-seeker. The tide of travel recently setting that way warrants the prediction that they will ere long be regarded as a desirable half-way-station on the great highway of European travel. A line of United-States steamers, connecting there with the Portuguese line, would thus enable the tourist to enter Europe by way of the Spanish Peninsula, and open up the magnificent scenery of these islands and of Portugal, now so little known, and so well worth knowing.

While this is as yet only a probability, it may still be fairly said, that in no other bit of foreign travel can one get so much enjoyment, with so little expenditure of strength and money, as in a summer voyage to the Western Islands, in one of the excellent sailing-vessels now plying regularly to those ports from Boston and New Bedford.

In the Azores every thing is novel, and nothing is new. The tired teacher finds here enforced rest with continual diversion; the nervous invalid, an engrossing change of scene, with absolute quiet, no temptation to hurry, and no excuse for worry. To the artist, the botanist, the geologist, and the philologist, they offer a rich and almost unexplored field.

C. A. B.

CAMBRIDGE, April, 1882.

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A SUMMER IN THE AZORES.

THE START.

Tuesday, June 12.

THE vague idea has become a reality. Our staterooms are engaged. Retracing our steps from the office, an added dignity attends us. We feel as if all we meet must know that we are about to visit foreign shores.

Later, painful rumors reach us of the unseaworthiness of the steamer: her date of sailing is postponed; and the bark, which heretofore we have scorned, begins to loom up as a possibility. "A sailing-voyage would be such an experience!" cry our young folks. Even we elders, ambition being not yet dead in our hearts, already feel that it is a little commonplace to go by steamer. "A voyage of twenty days would be much more restful for your invalid," urges the

doctor. "And just the thing for my weak eyes," pleads our collegian. "And a sailing-vessel is so much more picturesque!" adds a romantic friend, dropping in at this crisis. We begin to despise the steamer; and, in proportion to the doubt as to whether there is room for us on the bark, it becomes the desire of our hearts to go in her. Finally it is so decided. Her owners telegraph us in relation to passports, as to the color of our eyes and hair, and the shape of our noses and chins. The latter, after protracted consultation, we each describe as Roman and medium.

The eventful day arrives,—six o'clock of a summer morning, fresh and clear. The water lies still and smooth as we go over the bridge to the city. Too early for the train, and just in time to see the awakening of a great metropolis. The organ-grinder and his monkey breakfasting together as they crawl towards town. Old women polishing their apples, and peanut-venders setting up their stoves at the street-corners. Sleepy men-servants washing sidewalks. Coils of hose like great gray serpents of the night, awaking with a hiss, and retreating, as the day brightens, into back areas. Cross housemaids

venting their spleen upon imperturbable door-mats.

An hour of pulsating waiting at the station. Meantime the wind, that should be west, gets dead east. Friends to be left behind grow quiet. Finally the last words are uttered. Re-assuring reminders that it is but for three months, which will be gone before we know it; every one of us being keenly conscious that three months is time enough for all woes to accumulate. The train moves reluctantly forward.

A crowd is assembled at the wharf. The bark looks like a toy-ship. The narrow berths are dreadfully suggestive of coffins; but it is too late to retreat. We hurry on deck, but the railing is so low!

"You no stay here for two, tree days, ma'am, by'm-by dere be life-line," says the Portuguese steward. Neither prospect pleases. The luggage is tossed on board. Ship-trunks, labelled "Stateroom," are packed in the hold; shore-trunks, labelled "Hold," squeezed into state-rooms. The second mate brings order out of chaos. "All ashore," is sounded. A little girl, who is going with her mother to Madeira, weeps piteously at parting with her father. The cap-

tain, a pleasant-faced man, steps quietly on board. "Good luck to you!" cry the owners from the pier. The plank is taken up. The pilot goes forward. A baby steam-tug takes us in tow; and silently, our flag saluting, we drop down the harbor. Handkerchiefs wave, a few tears are shed, and the long voyage is begun.

AT SEA.

Tuesday, June 12.

THE dinner-table is crowded. "There'll be room enough to-morrow," says the captain significantly.

The afternoon wears slowly on. We seek the shade for our ship-chairs, and lie rashly eating oranges. The more provident go below, and prepare their staterooms against rough weather. Our invalid pleads headache, and betakes herself to her berth. Strangers exchange incredulous glances, and the steward tucks her up with the comforting assurance, "You'll be all right in a day or two, ma'am." She is too sick to resent this imputation on her sea-going qualities. I go down often to cheer her, but soon notice that the cabin floor meets me half-way as I descend, and there is a peculiar tightness about my head.

Tired of our slow progress, the captain, at

five P. M., hails a larger tug. All rally to write a last word home by the pilot, who pulls off in his yawl.

At six the "Nelly" is ordered to let go.

"How many are there to go back?" shouts the master of the "Nelly."

One, at least, would gladly have answered to the call, had pride permitted.

"Good-by, and good luck, then," cries the "Nelly;" and the last link is broken between us and home.

I keep up my offices of friendship till the teabell rings, then turn in, unmistakably seasick.

The hubbub of supper ends. The cabin lamp is lighted, and begins its monotonous jingle and swing. Darkness settles down, and with it silence steals over the passengers. All seek their couches early, and frantic cries of "Steward!" resound.

The captain paces the deck above us. Now and then he gives a quiet order. A cheerful "Ay, ay, sir," and it is obeyed. The ship scarcely moves. The sails are altered every half-hour, in vain attempts to catch a breeze. A great steamer, brilliantly lighted, passes dangerously near us, outward bound. We hail a

schooner drifting near with, "Schooner ahoy! Which way is the tide setting in the Sound?"

"South-west by south." And we part company.

At midnight I wake, burning with fever, and begging for ice: at sunrise creep on deck for air, — but, alas! there is none. We lie becalmed off Block Island. A boy in a row-boat comes alongside. He lives near the post-office, and will take letters.

"I didn't expect to send back a mail every day on this trip," says the captain with grim facetiousness.

Our last words threaten to number as many as the final appearances of a well-known actress.

At ten A. M. we bear away to the west-north-west from Block Island; "from which," says the mate's log, "I take my departure," — from land's end to land's end being the nautical voyage.

Hot air on deck, and no air below. A pitiless sun making havoc with our shore skins: a heavy swell lifting up and letting down our shore stomachs in sickening alternation.

Our little six-year-old passenger, who is very miserable, creates a diversion by confiding in a loud whisper to her mother, that she hates trav-

elling, and asking pathetically, "Shall I have to take a journey when I'm married, mamma?"

"Light, baffling airs," continues the log. We are learning the meaning of that word *baffling* as we never could have done on land. Tediiously tacking all day and all night, from Long Island to Nantucket Shoals light, the end of the second day's voyage finds us, after two hundred and fifty miles of sailing, but fifty miles on our journey, scarcely one-fortieth of the whole distance. For all we have gained, we might as well have been sleeping in quiet beds at home.

We begin to envy those who will commit themselves to the steamer.

The morning of the third day is ushered in by the cry of "Porps! porps!" The sailors harpoon a porpoise; and the sound of the poor creature, flapping in its death-agony on the deck, I shall not soon forget.

"A strong breeze, wind south-west, and all sail set to the best advantage." The passengers revive, and aim to become nautical. The compass is attacked, and the spanker comes in for a share of attention.

The monotony of sea-life is varied by the usual incidents and accidents. July 2, at sun-

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set, the cry of "There she blows!" which often rings through the ship, rousing the old whaling instincts of captain and crew, is suddenly changed. "It's no whale!" cries the mate. The captain runs to the mast-head. The crew press on deck. The excitement is intense. "A boat, keel up!" say some. "A wreck!" echo the others. The ship is put about. Preparations are making to go to the scene of the disaster. Imagination is busy depicting possible horrors, — men starving, dead — "It's only a whale's carcass!" shouts the captain, coming down. The crew disperse, and all are relieved.

July 4, the gooseneck of the spanker gaff breaks; and the heavy boom comes crashing down to within six feet of our heads, but fortunately gets entangled in the rigging, and no one is hurt.

We never cease to wonder at the patience of our captain: the petty complaints, the trivial questions, of which he is the daily victim, do not disturb his serenity. The steward is a philosopher. Though the ship is new and clean, it is infested with fleas, — an inevitable accompaniment of every cargo from the islands. After several sleepless nights in consequence of these ma-

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raiders, I lay my troubles before the steward, who, after vainly endeavoring to persuade me that they are imaginary, calmly dismisses the matter with, "Ver' well, you like 'em, you have 'em." A truly Jean Pauline solution of the difficulty. "He who goes out for snakes will surely meet one, but he who goes out for roses will return with them blooming in his bosom." With admirable perception of character, the steward reads us all, and his remarks to us are piquant aphorisms of personal application; yet his devotion to the sick, and his good-nature, are untiring. A dozen times a day I find him smiling at my bedside with a cup of unsavory pottage, and sternly bkl him begone. "Ver' well," he says, as he goes: "you no eat, you die." And his argument is irresistible.

Lying on one's back and looking up at the sky through the twelve hours of these long July days is tedious enough. Dead calm: water glassy—not a ripple; the heat intense; the glare from the sails almost intolerable.

The sunsets are monotonous and disappointing; the moonrise magnificent. Lying on deck till late into the night, and gazing up at the sails gleaming white in the light of the full

moon, every rope painted in shadow on their snowy surface, we realize the picturesqueness of the ship. Stately and grand she walks the waters, with a majestic motion, as exhilarating as a triumphal march. Alone in mid-ocean, we feel neither desolation nor fear, but a surprising sense of security and confidence.

Our evenings are enlivened by music and story-telling. We have the whaler's tale, the slaver's tale,—a whole Decameron of thrilling experiences: finally, we have the captain's tale, of his rescue of a Fenian prisoner in Australia, now a well-known editor. I give it in his own words:—

THE CAPTAIN'S TALE.

"One day in March, 1869, while we was layin' in port off Bunbury in Western Australia, I was ashore; and I see a nice lookin' young fellow, about twenty-four years old, eyin' me pretty sharp. He was at work on a chain-gang. Watchin' his chance, he says to me, 'Are you the mate of that whaler?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"Then says he, 'Has the priest said any thing to you about me?'



"'No,' says I.

"'Well, he's goin' to,' says he, and passed on quick.

"The priest follered right along, and asked me if I'd ever seen that young man before.

"'Never to my knowledge,' says I.

"Then he told me it was —, a Fenian prisoner; that he had been confined in Dartmoor prison in England for seven months, and then sent to Australia for life; that he'd ben there goin' on 'leven months, and wanted to get off: and the upshot of it was, the priest offered me five hundred dollara to get him off.

"I told him I didn't want his money. If he'd ben a thief, or a murderer, I wouldn't have tried to help him anyway; but I couldn't make out that he'd committed any crime: so the priest and I, we fixed it that the next day, when my ship got under weigh, I should pick him up in the yawl—and I did.

"It beat all how quick everybody on board took to that fellow,—he was so pleasant, and such a handsome young chap.

"Well, come August, we had to put into Rodrigues for water. It was that, or die of thirst. That's not far from Mauritius in the Indian Ocean.

"By this time the news of —'s escape had got ahead of us, and was known all over the world. It was just before sunset when a boat from shore come alongside, and her officer boarded us.

"—was standin' just as near me as I be to you, when the officer up and says to me, 'Have you got a man aboard by the name of —?'

"I kind of thought a minute,—it seemed as if 'twas about an hour,—and then I says 'No,' says I, very quiet: 'we did have a fellow aboard by the name of Brown, but he died two months ago at Java.'

"He looked at me a minute; then says he, 'Well, you've got some ticket-of-leave men aboard, haven't you?'

"I was mighty glad he asked me that; for I thought it would take up his attention, and give me a little time to think.

"I can't say as to that,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'call your men up from forrard, and we'll soon find out.'

"'No,' says I: 'I don't want nothin' to do with that kind of business. You can look for yourselves if you like.'



So he and his gang went forrard, and hauled out the stowaways, and put 'em aboard their boat, and pulled ashore, appearin' to be satisfied.

"As soon as they were gone, —, half crazy, says to me, 'My God! it's all up with me! What can I do? They'll come back for me, but I'll never be taken alive!'

"I knew he meant what he said; for the priest had told me he'd tried to commit suicide, and, if he couldn't escape, had determined to kill himself. I calmed him down; told him to go below, and keep out of sight, and I'd try to think up something: but says I, 'You sha'n't be taken as long as I can stand by you.'

"I knew very well that as soon as they got ashore those ticket-of-leave men would blow on him; and I really didn't know what to do. Things looked black.

"By this time it got to be dark, and I sat down by myself to think. Then I remembered a kind of locker under the stairs, where the steward sometimes kep' the dishes he wasn't usin'. It was shet by pushin' one of the stairs right over it. I knew they'd never find him there. Then I went to —, and told him to

go and find a little grindstone there was on the ship, while I kep' the men busy forrard. When I come back I'd stop a spell, and talk with the steward; and when he heard me talkin' he must throw the grindstone and his hat overboard, give a shriek, and then run and stow himself in the locker.

"When I come along back I stopped, and says to the steward, 'I don't know what will happen when those fellows come aboard to-morrow morning. — will never be taken alive. He'll kill some of 'em, and kill himself: he threatened to do it in Australia.'

"Just then we heard a great splash and a scream. 'What's that?' says I.

"'It's —,' says the steward: 'he's thrown himself overboard.'

"Everybody heard it. The captain was off that day. I rushed aft, told the other officers, and ordered out the boats. The men felt terribly. Every one of 'em was fond of him. We got out four boats, and swept that harbor for hours. I was the last boat in. When I got aboard I found the second mate leanin' over the ship's side, cryin' bitterly. 'He's gone, poor fellow! here's his hat,' says he: 'the men have

just picked it up. We never shall see him again.'

"There wasn't a wink of sleep on board that night. The next morning I put the flag at half-mast. Everybody was solemn as death. —'s wet hat lay on the hatchway. They all thought he was dead.

"The captain come off to see what was the matter. I told him the story, — how we heard the splash, got out the boats, and picked up —'s hat. Right in the midst of it the officers from Rodrigues come aboard to claim their man. We told 'em the story, and showed 'em the wet hat. They never offered to search the vessel. They see how bad the men felt; and they believed it all, and pulled off.

"Late that afternoon we got our water all aboard, and bore away to sea. I waited till we was almost out o' sight o' land: then I says to the captain, 'I guess I'll go below and get a cigar.' I went, and hauled the step away; and there was —, all in a heap. I can see that fellow's face right before me now, white as chalk, eyes as black as night. He looked like a wild man.

"'What now?' says he, trembling all over.

"'Come out of that,' says I.

"'What do you mean?' says he.

"'Don't stop to ask questions, man,' says I. 'Get out of that, and come up: you're safe for this time. Land is almost out of sight.'

"He crawled out, and we went on deck together. 'Now,' says I, 'go and shake hands with the captain.'

"I went to the side of the ship, and stood there, smokin', and pretendin' to be scannin' the horizon. I see the captain give one look at —; a kind of scared look. He thought it was his ghost. Then he wrung —'s hand, and burst out cryin' jest like a baby. Pretty soon he looked at me. I never said a word. 'Did that fellow have any thing to do with it?' says he."

LAND HO!

Tuesday, July 2.

IN the afternoon of our fourteenth day out, we hear the welcome cry, "Land ho!" — "Can you see it?" "Where is it?" are the eager questions; and all who are able rush to the bows.

We were twenty-five miles from Flores, the most westerly island of the Azores, bearing east-south-east. It looked like a low cloud-bank on the horizon. We felt a renewed admiration for Columbus: it was such a marvel to us, that, even with all the appliances of modern science to navigation, we could traverse the pathless deep, on the wings of the wind, and with unerring aim strike this bit of blessed land in mid-ocean, hundreds of miles from everywhere.

The outline of Flores grew more and more distinct, — a backbone of serrated peaks, sloping on all sides to the sea, and ending precipitously

in black and jagged cliffs, against which the surf beats ceaselessly. The full moon rose at midnight from behind the tallest peak, illumining the principal crater like a new eruption, and revealing the volcanic character of the island.

Land will never again be so enchanting as the sight of those islands at daybreak. Such exquisite delight as it was to gaze once more upon houses, green fields, and waving grain, — to see the cloud-shadows chasing each other on the hill-tops, and down the deep ravines.

Corvo, which is higher but much smaller than Flores, lies ten miles to the north of it. It is a single volcano, seldom visited, and uninhabited except by a small colony of Moorish descent. Its summit wrapped in a silvery mist, it lay in the morning light, far and still as a spirit-land.

Though we were but twelve miles from shore, there was not breeze enough to take us in. The captain's boat was lowered; and he rowed off, leaving us to tack in and out all day, between the two islands. As we were beating up behind Flores, far away from any sign of human habitation, we saw a thin column of smoke ascending from a narrow ledge on one of the steepest declivities of the island. It grew to a flame.



"Some poor fellow wants to come aboard," said the mate.

To avoid the severity of the conscription laws, the young men of the Azores seek to escape from the islands on American vessels. They kindle a bonfire as a signal for a boat. They are taken on board without passports, and stow themselves away among the cargo, out of sight of the custom-house officers. Last year a thousand were carried off in this way. We asked our captain, later, if he ever took them. "Of course not," he said innocently; "but I noticed one singular thing on my last trip: I had passports for seventy steerage passengers, and I landed one hundred and sixteen in America. It beat all, how they counted out so!"

Late in the afternoon we made the port of Flores. Three or four lighters put out for the ship. These island boats are made for rough water, and are so big and heavy that they look like the dismantled hulks of small schooners. They are painted black or a dingy red. No two of their four oars ever touch the water together; and, as they crawl clumsily along in the distance, they look like huge water beetles struggling in the billows.

The oars are from fifteen to twenty feet long; the handle consisting of two crooked boughs spliced together, so large round that they cannot be clasped by the hands, and turning on the gunwale by a broad semicircular piece of plank with a hole in it for the thole-pin. There are two men at each oar.

As the boats drew near, the steerage passengers crowded to the ship's side. They were all in their "shore clothes,"—the women resplendent in cheap striped shawls, bonnets loaded with artificial flowers, and veils which were to fill the hearts of their Flores friends with envy. Even the steerage baby, little Maria, whose gambols with Dennis the pig had been one of the amusements of our voyage, now cast off her soiled calico, and in a new gown of scarlet woollen sat enthroned in her father's arms, waving a tiny blue parasol.

As the oarsmen recognized old friends they became greatly excited. Clambering on board, they kissed and embraced, men and women indiscriminately, and such a jabbering I never heard.

The custom-house officer, a booby in spectacles, with a great deal of strut, planted himself on his haunches, dropped his head between his

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hands, and smoked until the hold was emptied. He nodded assent as the noisy crowd poured into the boats, each bearing some cherished article of household furniture,—bedsteads, tin boilers, sewing-machines, stoves, lamps, and, dearer than all to the Portuguese soul, the Connecticut clock.

There was no one to welcome the poor old woman of eighty, who stood apart trembling with intense emotion. Her eyes sparkled like beads, and the tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. She had gone to America only the year before, to live with her son; but, pining for her island home, was now sent back by the city of New Bedford to die. Eager to land, she tottered up to the steps again and again, when her heart would seem to fail her, and she was rudely jostled aside by the younger and more active. When at last she was lifted into the boat, and sat there cowering and crossing herself in abject fear, there was not a dry eye among us.

Most of our passengers went ashore the next day. The steward, a Santa Maria man, consoled me for my inability to do so. "You want to see Flores? I tell you it's the very worst place never you put your foot." We thought

its name was justified when our friends returned bringing long sprays of English ivy, rare ferns, and handfuls of lantana.

In the afternoon an English captain paid us a visit. His bark, "The Miaco," was the first vessel that passed through the Suez Canal. He was hurrying home, after a three-years' cruise in Chinese and Japanese waters. He left us at the close of a glorious sunset. We were not anchored, but, in nautical phrase, "laying off and on." As the twilight deepened, the gulls flew about us, uttering their melancholy cries. Our lights went up at our bow. "The Miaco" weighed anchor. Her sails gleamed ghastly in the pallid light. Both ships ran up their flags,—brothers still, in spite of Revolution and secession days. "The Miaco" glided close to our quarter, and silently dropped astern of us, homeward bound, and we—whither? We felt sentimental.

Somebody said, "Let's sing 'God save the Queen' to those fellows." Quick as thought, all ranged themselves in line along the ship's side, and began to sing "America," not meaning to let the words be heard, but intending to come out strong on the last line with "God save the

Queen!" In their enthusiasm they forgot the nationality of their audience; and I lay on my cot in convulsions of laughter, at hearing our loyal New-Englanders roaring out this salute to our British friends:—

"Land of the Pilgrim's pride,—
Sweet land of liberty,
God save the Queen!"

The Englishman, however, was equal to the occasion. He rallied his crew, and they gave us "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" three times three. We applauded. "Good-by" and "Good luck" were exchanged by our captains; and like a great white bird "The Miaco" sailed away into the darkness, and we parted, never to meet again.

FAYAL AND ITS PORT.

Saturday, July 12.



WITH fair winds, the run between Flores and Fayal can be made in twenty-four hours. On one occasion a Boston bark was eight days becalmed between the two islands. Fortune favored us, however; and thirty-six hours after leaving Flores we drifted slowly with the tide into the harbor of Horta, the chief town and seaport of Fayal.

A general description will answer equally well for Fayal and for the other islands of the group. The outline of all, as we see them from the water, is a long ridge of conical hills,—I ought to say mountains,—each with a depression at the top. Long straggling villages of white houses on the slopes. The port, or harbor, a semicircular roadstead lying open to the sea, and exposed to all the fury of the winds, protected only by two bold promontories that make the horns of the crescent-

shaped bay. Besides the protection afforded by its own headlands, Monte da Guia on the south-west, rising to the height of three hundred and forty feet, and Espalamaca, a still nobler elevation at the north-east, the harbor of Horta is somewhat sheltered by the long island of San Jorge, lying to the north; while opposite Fayal, and but four miles distant, the magnificent volcano of Pico lifts its broad shoulders as an efficient breakwater to the easterly gales. To the north of Monte da Guia stands Monte Queimada, a mountain of blackened slag, as its name implies. Its terraced summit is laid out in little patches of corn, grain, and vine land, of uniform size and shape, separated by tall hedges of cane.

The city of Horta, with its little one-story houses, glaring white walls, and red tiled roofs, resembles the Swiss toy villages of our childhood. It lies along the shore; its principal street following the curve of the sea-wall from Monte Queimada to Espalamaca, the other horn of the crescent.

After a visit from the healthy doctor, as the steward called the health-officer of the port, we were permitted to land. The landing-place is a small wharf, projecting from beneath the frowning ramparts of a fort. A motley crowd sur-

rounded us as we stepped upon the quay, — men and women barefooted, or clattering in wooden shoes. The men wore gay woollen caps like those of the Neapolitan fishermen; the pointed top tasselled, and hanging over the side. Their shirts and trousers were of white linen, and over the right shoulder they hung their short jackets of dark woollen stuff. The women were bonnetless, hatless, with red, blue, or yellow cotton handkerchiefs tied over their heads. Some peeped out from the plackets of coarse linen petticoats thrown over head and shoulders. They wore white short-gowns, and very full petticoats of dark blue or red calico. Others were entirely enveloped in hooded cloaks of dark blue broadcloth. The hood, which is stiffened with whalebone and buckram to preserve its shape, might be taken for a miniature chaise-top, or the smoke-jack of a city chimney. The chief article in the trousseau of a well-to-do Fayalese bride is this capote. It costs from thirty to sixty dollars. The cloak part is a full circle, extending to the ankles. All that one sees of the wearer of this capote is the hands, and a pair of eyes glistening as it were at the bottom of a coal-hod. The wearer holds the two sides of the hood together in such a way as to hide her own

face, while she gives herself ample opportunity to peer out at the *Americanas*. Nothing could be funnier than the side-view of two capotes gossiping on the street.

After a brief delay at the custom-house, where our bags were searched for "*tabac*," we proceeded on foot to the English hotel, so called. A small sign, swinging over the sidewalk, directed us to the entrance of the "Hotel Fayal," which otherwise does not differ externally from the ordinary dwellings of the town. We found here good enough accommodation, — bare floors frequently washed, clean, hard beds, and a good variety of palatable food. As for service, much cannot be said. There is, however, no lack of willingness; and a person in ordinary health may be very comfortable here. The Hotel Central, a Portuguese inn, is, I am told, equally well kept. Both are far superior to those of the other islands. The cost of living at either is a Spanish dollar (\$1.20) a day, with a trifle extra for wine. The English hotel has one advantage in its fine garden, where an invalid may swing in her hammock, surrounded by a sub-tropical vegetation.

Like all the other gardens and estates of the islands, it is enclosed by walls of lava sixteen

feet high, and two feet and a half thick. Tall mimosa-trees shade the entrance, which is flanked by immense ferns, and ivies of all kinds grow over it. From the walls droop flowering vines: maurandia, trumpet-creeper, and Cherokee roses run riot here. The garden is laid out in broad avenues shaded by *incenso*-trees, the leaves of which are aromatic, and the nuts are burned as incense in the churches. Here are lemon and orange trees, bananas and figs, laden with fruit, — the latter already ripe. Hundreds of the white trumpets of the *datura* exhale their sickly odor, and calla lilies abound. There are far more beautiful gardens in Fayal than this one. In them I have seen growing the cork-oak and the camphor-tree, the date, the cocoanut and other palm-trees, bamboos, sugar-cane, the *acanthus* and the olive, the coffee-tree and the tea-plant, the rice-paper-plant, guavas, pineapples, pomegranates, magnolias, Spanish chestnuts, and the Norfolk-Island pine, with an endless variety of vines and flowers such as in New England we see only rarely in greenhouses. There are long hedges of camellias, which in early winter will be one mass of red and white blossoms; the rarest roses; three or four kinds of passion-flower, among



them a pure white one with fringed petals; the American agave; ipomœas, purple, yellow, and a beautiful white one that unfolds at night; acacias that burst, as if by magic, into rosy bloom; and allamandas, bougainvilleas, and stephanotis in profusion. At the Public Garden, — a pleasant place to sit a while, shaded by pittosporum-trees. — I saw Sofrano rose-trees ten feet high in full bloom. A Cherokee or Banksia rose, bearing hundreds of blossoms, covered one of the walls for the length of thirty feet. There, too, were altheas, oleanders, and pelargoniums of immense size. Horta is well named the garden of Portugal.

The houses of Horta, as of the other towns of the Azores, are built of igneous stone, covered with plaster, and whitewashed. Those of the smaller villages are but one story high. Though there are whole streets of one-story houses in Horta, in Angra, and in Ponta Delgada, the buildings of these three Azorean cities are usually two stories high. Some have three; and very often a façade of small glazed tiles of white porcelain with arabesques or geometric figures in blue, brown, green, or yellow. These glazed tiles are of Oriental origin, and are much

better suited for inner and outer walls in damp climates, than plaster or stucco. In the Portuguese dominions they are an interesting relic of the Moslem occupation of the Spanish peninsula. Mr. Irving speaks of them in the Alhambra, and says, "Some are still to be seen among the Moorish ruins, which have been there upwards of eight centuries." When the Spaniards invaded the Netherlands, the tiles went with them, and their cleanliness made them acceptable to the Dutch. In old colonial days, our forefathers brought them to New England, where we know them as Dutch tiles; but they are Dutch only by adoption. They are still manufactured in the Spanish peninsula. Those in use in the Western Islands, are mostly made in Oporto.

The houses are built in continuous blocks close up to the sidewalk, the lower floor being on a level with it. Either because living in the lower stories would be disagreeable from this circumstance, or on account of the dampness, they are given up to shops, or used only as a sort of inner court-yard from which entrance to the living-rooms is made. This court-yard, or *sagaô* as it is named, is paved in patterns with gray and white pebbles, and has a base-board or dado of

bright-colored tiles. A long wooden staircase leads from the *sagaô* to the dwelling-house proper. Usually a bell-rope hangs beside the door on the landing; though sometimes one gains admittance by the vigorous use of one's knuckles, or by the more primitive Oriental custom of clapping one's hands. Our landlady often summons her servant in the latter way, accompanied with a "Ho, José!" which takes one back to the Arabian Nights.

The outer door of the *sagaô* is double, and stands always open. The clumsy hinges and quaint iron latch, lock, and knocker would delight an antiquary. There is no glass in the lower story. The shops have no windows: those of the *sagaô* are barred with iron gratings like jail windows. The lintels and casements are of hewn stone, painted green, blue, or yellow, like the doors.

Between the two stories, a course of hewn stone projects about a foot and a half from the wall, forming balconies upon which the long windows of the second story open. They are surrounded by high wooden balustrades, painted to match the other trimmings of the house. Oftener they are of lattice-work of elaborate patterns,

with half a dozen little trap-doors in the front, lifting outward. Reclining indolently on the balcony floors, the women peer out curiously from the trap-doors at the passers-by.

There are but few chimneys, fires being seldom needed or used except for culinary purposes. The roofs are covered with half-cylindrical red pottery tiles, laid in rows, overlapping end to end from ridge-pole to eaves, to which they give a scalloped edge. The seams made by their adjacent edges are protected by rows of inverted tiles.

Almost every other shop-door discloses a shoemaker's bench with half a dozen men pegging away at their work; which is the more surprising, as everybody goes barefoot. The shops are open on Sundays.

The architecture of the churches is Moorish, — a pretentious façade three or four stories high, flanked by square towers surmounted by Saracenic domes. The interior is bare and tawdry, — thin, gaudy coloring, and poor gilding about the walls and altars; plaster images adorned with tinsel gewgaws; and shrines decorated with poor tapestries, imitation laces, and great bows made of cheap American neck-ties.

The floor on Sundays looks like a gay flower-

garden with its kneeling crowd in their bright blue, orange, and red kerchiefs.

Rockets sent up from the church-steps form a part of the Sunday pageant; and the joyous pealing of the bells is often heard on the week-days as well.

One very old church has some handsome ornamentation in stone on the façade, and beautiful cloisters surrounding an overgrown court-yard, in the midst of which is a picturesque well. One or two recluses still linger in the convent attached to this church.

The convents of the islands were suppressed in 1834, and converted into barracks or hospitals. The Carmo, or Carmelite Church, occupies a lofty hill; and behind it is the cemetery. There is no appearance of graves, and no stones or monuments. Each lot is hedged about with tall box, and covered with flowers. Here and there a simple marble slab, bearing a sweet English name, marks the last resting-place of some delicate girl, who, fleeing hither for life, found only death in this fair clime.

The outskirts of Horta are attractive. *Flamengos*, a straggling village originally settled by Flemings, lies along the bed of a torrent,

which is spanned by the picturesque arches of an old stone bridge.

One sees here and there a child whose fair hair and blue eyes show its direct descent from the first families of the place. Road and river wind in and out among the high hills, whose steep slopes are cultivated to the very top. Some one said of this village, that its fields were set up on end, and cultivated on both sides.

Porto Pim is an adjunct of the main harbor, lying behind Monte da Guia and Monte Queimada, whose bases are connected by a high sandy beach. The opening between these two peaks makes a superb setting for the volcano beyond. It is prettiest at early dawn of a summer's morning. Then the old Spanish fort and the windmill beyond are most picturesque. The mountains are in shadow; the rocks that guard the entrance to the harbor, black and jagged; the water, still and silvery blue.

The homeward-bound fishermen scarce dip their oars: the boats drift in noiselessly on the soft-lapping tide, with the sleepy air of creatures that soar in search of prey by night, but harmless fold their wings by day. Dripping nets, stretched on the bleaching timbers of stranded wrecks,

glisten in the sunshine. Tents are pitched along the shore for the bathers. Naked children gather shells on the beach: two or three are pulling out to the point in an old tub, and their wet backs glow crimson in the morning light. Fishermen saunter up from their boats with queer baskets of brilliant, red fish. Women cross the beach from beyond Monte da Guia, with bundles of cane on their heads, and full water-buckets atop, with sprays of green floating on the surface to prevent spilling.

During the summer of 1862 slight oscillations of the earth were frequent on this island. One hundred and twenty shocks occurred within ten days. They were not violent, but distressing to the inhabitants, most of whom left their houses, and betook themselves to tents. They lived in momentary expectation of an eruption, not knowing where or when it might burst forth. A part of the consul's family, who were at Porto Pim, feared it might issue from Monte Queimada, the burnt mountain between them and the town, where the rest of their friends were. To their great relief the shocks finally subsided, the disturbance probably culminating in a submarine explosion. Vessels coming in from sea reported

strange noises, and for days the ocean was covered with a wonderful phosphorescence. The people on the western slopes of the island, believing the sea to be on fire, and the end of the world at hand, got out their images of the saints, and chanted and prayed, night and day on the cliffs.

STREET-SCENES IN HORTA.

THE streets of Fayal, like those of the other islands, are very narrow, and paved with oblong blocks of stone. Little or no soil accumulates upon the pavement, and they are quite clean. Now and then, a small boy appears with a short pick, and a broom of fresh box-twigs; and, digging out the weeds that spring up between the stones, he carries them off in a basket.

The main streets have sidewalks, often not wide enough for two to walk abreast, and but slightly raised above the street. The side streets have only a row of wider stones in the middle of the road for foot-passengers. They are named for the eminent men of the town, for Jesus, the Virgin, and the Saints, and for events in the lives of each. Thus there are the Rua de Consul Dabney, de Conde de Santa Anna, the Rua de Jesus, de San Pedro, and the streets of the Conception, the Crucifixion, and the Compassion.

Their names are in blue letters on white tiles at the corners.

Shade-trees and grass-plats are impossible in these narrow streets. The Alameda Gloria, a wide, short street which elsewhere would be called a place, is the only one bordered by trees. The glare of the white walls is painful; and gentlemen, as well as ladies, carry sun-umbrellas.

One finds entertainment enough in the ever-shifting scenes of the streets. Early in the morning the tide of travel begins to surge. The Pico boats, with their picturesque lateen sails, come in bringing the market people and their produce. Men and women are carried ashore through the surf, on the shoulders of the bare-legged boatmen, and come swarming up through the water-gates into the Rua de San Francisco. All their burdens are carried on their heads: men in rude sandals of cowhide, with the hair left on, balancing great baskets of wood for the baker, and their hands full beside; others with the same commodity bound about with an iron hoop, like an overgrown cart-wheel, steadying it with one hand only.

There is a Fayal man, with his basket of cucumbers carefully covered with ferns, on the

back of his neck, supported by a pole over his right shoulder. Women with flaring black baskets piled high above their heads with red and yellow apricots; or, perhaps, with fluffy white ducks whose broad yellow bills rest on the rim; others running easily under the weight of immense melon-shaped squashes, carefully poised upon their heads, atop of which in a cabbage-leaf is a pat of fresh butter.

There is one in full costume. Her bare feet and ankles are ill concealed by the short full petticoat, which is of gamboge-color, with a Roman stripe for the border. From beneath her white short-gown hangs her gay patchwork pocket, betokening by its shape and arrangement the village to which she belongs. A red handkerchief is loosely twisted about her throat. Her square-topped, broad-brimmed straw hat half hides her shiny black braids and handsome face. Its narrow red worsted band, knotted at intervals with little bits of cotton batting, does not hold it firmly on her head: so she picks up a stone, and, placing it on top of the crown, runs on quite unconscious of the smile of the *Americanas* in the balcony above.

The farmer comes in from the country with his

cart drawn by an ox and a cow yoked together. It is made from one piece of wood, with a wicker body. Its solid wheels and heavy axle slowly revolve together with a terrific creak, dear to the heart of the Fayalese peasant. There was formerly a law that the axles must be soaped before entering the city. A revolution occurring as to the basis of taxation,¹ some Azorean Danton demanded redress of grievances. "Down with the income tax," he cried: "give us tithes!" "Tithes," echoed the mob, "and liberty to squeak our carts through the streets!" The wicker cart of the Azores is like the Roman *plaustrum* with its *tympana* or solid orb wheels, to which Virgil often alludes, and to which he constantly applies the adjectives *gementia* and *stridentia*.

Yonder is a group of women at a well. Their tall wooden buckets, shaped like old-fashioned wooden churns and holding six or seven gallons, stand on the stone curb. How skilfully each in turn throws down and dips the pail! and with what assurance of strength, hand over hand, with long reaches, they draw it up dripping from the

¹ The Azorean is now taxed a certain per cent on his actual income.

fern-clad well! Then, rolling up a little pad for it to rest upon, each, with another's help, lifts the heavy bucket to her head. How the last one is to manage, becomes a problem. Two already laden dexterously raise it, not a drop spilled from their own the while; and away they all trot at a swinging gait up the street, chattering like rooks, enviable health in every motion, grace in every pose. Not even a hand is raised to steady their burdens. Milk-boys pass bearing crooked poles across their shoulders, from which depend their wooden measures and pottery jars; soldiers from the garrison, with pinched and padded waists, and jaunty little caps set on the back of their heads; and donkeys so enveloped in their burdens that only the tips of their noses and tails are visible. Sometimes a whole platoon of them goes by, each pair carrying a hogshead swinging from beams whose ends rest on their backs.

Muffled drums and subdued cornets frequently announce the passing of a procession. Brocade canopies, priests in scarlet stoles, silver crucifixes, uniformed candle-bearers, altar-boys swinging censers, and the "Dead March," all add to the scenic effect. At the passing of the host, all the people in the street uncover their heads

and drop on their knees. A little boy, who forgets to do this, is roughly handled by the priests. All are impressed. Capotes, overcome with emotion, kiss each other's hands.

At night the streets are dark and still. A bugle-blast every now and then from the fort, the dashing of the waves against the sea-wall, and the twanging of the viola, are the only sounds one hears.

DONKEYS.



WHEN one tires of the street-scenes of the city, let him mount a donkey, and go out into the country a mile or two. One may ride two hours for a *serilha* (twenty-four cents). The invalid should not ride too far at first, as it is apt to give one a pain in the side. One soon becomes accustomed to the motion, however; and then nothing is more comfortable, more delightful, or more healthful, than an amble of eight or ten miles on a donkey's back.

The rider has no responsibility of the animal. A clumsy pack-saddle almost envelops the docile little beast; and above this is the *andilhas*, a wooden frame like a short-legged saw-horse. Between the X-shaped ends of the *andilhas*, the rider sits on the right side of the animal, without even holding the bridle, which is a mere ornamental appendage. The donkey is always attended by a driver, who keeps him up to his

gait with incessant screams of "*Passa caya!*" and a sharp goad if necessary. If he goes too fast, or caution is required, the driver seizes the donkey's tail, holding him back with all his might. It is astonishing how soon the rider learns to trust to this novel brake, even on the most dangerous paths. The donkey is the chief means of conveyance in the Azores. It is certainly the best and the cheapest. There are a few carriages in Horta, which may be hired at moderate rates; but they are not comfortable. They have two poles, and are drawn by three mules guided by three reins.

The Portuguese *cocher* is a very *cochon* in intelligence and obstinacy. No one could be more ignorant of his profession, or more timid in its practice. He merely sits on his box, puffing his cigarette in your face unless forbidden, and, lashing his mules into a dead run, drives down the steepest hills at a break-neck pace that an American hack-driver would not take for love or money. His only resource in an emergency is to smoke, and scream, and swear, and abuse his poor beasts.

Riding into the country one morning, the road grew suddenly narrower, and our stupid


coachman drove our left fore-wheel against the stone wall which bounded the lane on both sides. Panic-stricken, he jumped off the box, and threw up his arms, shrieking in Portuguese, "It is so narrow!" The road was wide enough for a coach and six, and we shouted, "*Ade!*" (Go on!) Pointing backwards, he began to jerk the sales' heads, nearly overturning us by cramping the wheels the wrong way. We threatened and caxed, and at last, having exhausted the English tongue and pantomime, in vain efforts to make him go ahead, we dismounted, and stood in a neighboring field to see the fun.

Pale with fear, he alternately ran behind the carriage, exerting all his strength only to lift it a few inches in the wrong direction, and then caped upon his box, to follow up his advantage by backing in the same way. The result not being satisfactory, down he jumped again to switch at the bits, and beat the heads of the poor mules. But even the stupid jackasses knew him for a stupider, and bit at him. Turning to us, he held up two fingers, and then three, signifying at the same time that if there were but two jackasses he could do it, but with three it was "*naõ possivel*." With severe satire we in-

formed him that we were quite of his opinion that there was one donkey too many, though probably not unanimous as to his position in the carriage. Finally, goaded on by my companions, I mounted the box, and seized the reins, with the intention of driving through the lane, when he threw himself in front of the animals, screaming frantically, "*Naõ, senhora! naõ!*" Having no ambition to attain the distinction of a Tullia, by driving over his dead body, I yielded, thus fairly shaming him into one more reckless attempt to turn round, which accidentally proved successful. I shall never cease to regret, however, that, for the benefit of future tourists, I did not carry out my purpose, and leave him to get back to town as best he could.

The country roads are excellent in themselves and charming in their surroundings. One finds there a primitive pastoral life, quaint and picturesque enough to delight the *ennuyé* and fill the artist with enthusiasm.

PEASANT LIFE IN FAYAL.

NE accustomed to our time and labor saving machinery, looks with wonder and interest upon the simple industrial methods of the Azores. Sawhorses and our common wood-saw are unknown. Here and there we pass two men by the roadside, lazily pushing back and forth a peculiar saw, fitted into a clumsy wooden frame. There is neither wheelbarrow, spade, nor shovel on the islands. Boys at work on the breakwater, with coarse bags thrown over head and shouklers in place of hats, carry the dirt in baskets on their heads. A short-handled, square hoe has to serve the purpose of the spade, the use of the latter being incompatible with the bare feet of the men; though their soles are so calloused that they often scratch matches on them in lighting their cigarettes.

What farming was in the time of David and the prophets, of Homer and of Virgil, that it is to-day in the Western Islands. The yoke, the

cart, the plough, the harrow, the threshing-floor, the threshing and the winnowing, are precisely like those described in the Old Testament, the *Odyssey*, and more minutely in the *Georgics*. The grain is cut with a sickle, and the sheaves bound by men, women, and children, as in the days of Ruth and Boaz.

Near the hut of the well-to-do peasant is a hard-trodden, circular floor of pumice, fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by a low rim of weather-beaten stones. This is the *cira*,¹ or threshing-floor. Over the unbound sheaves, as they lie on the floor, cattle are driven attached to a wooden drag, whose lower surface is studded with iron spikes and sharp bits of lava. A long rope from the right horn of the off ox, is held in the driver's hand.

I saw a barefooted girl of thirteen driving one pair of cattle: her little brother of seven sat on the drag, and drove a second pair, and their father the third. Two men turned over the straw with wooden pitchforks made of a single piece of wood, cleft into three tines at one end.

How five people and six cattle (which, by the way, were one yoke of oxen, one of a cow and

¹ Latin, *area*.



an ox, and one of young and lively, black bulls), with little children for drivers, and three clumsy, cruel drags, could gyrate on this limited space, even if they had all gone in the same direction, without drags crushing bare feet, and cattle crushing drags, and pitchforks goring cattle, and cattle goring children, was more than I could make out. Add to this the fact that no two teams go in the same direction at the same time, but that each driver, watching his chance, cuts in and out, across and around, reversing the direction by no rule, but by quick perception of the others' movements, and it is the most wonderful and the most interesting thing imaginable.

After the threshing, the straw was raked off with cumbersome wooden rakes, the grain swept up into a windrow, a flag raised to show the direction of the wind, and men with wooden shovels tossed up the wheat into the air, against the wind, to winnow it. The whole scene was truly Oriental and picturesque.

The corn-mill of Fayal is like the *mola asinaria* of the Romans. The lower story of some of the houses is used as a mill. A cow is harnessed to a crank, as the horse is in a New-England cider-mill. Her eyes are covered with tunnel-

shaped, tin blinders; and she travels in a circle, turning one stone upon another, and grinding a bushel of corn in an hour. There are a few windmills of rude construction, but the cow-mill and the scriptural hand-mill are the common methods of grinding the corn.

"*Paciencia!*" cries the Portuguese often to us brisk Yankees; and one must cultivate that virtue to be happy in the Azores.

Near the *eira* is usually an arched stone building, from eight to fifteen feet long, and four or five feet high, plastered and whitewashed like the rest. Within this is the cistern. Spouts lead from the tiled roofs into the *eira*, and others from the *eira* into the cistern; and thus the rain-water used for drinking and washing purposes is collected and stored. Often close by the cistern are washtubs hewn out of great igneous rocks, shallow at the front, and sloping deeper at the back to serve the purpose of a washing-board. The washing is always done in the open air.

The farther one gets into the country, the more novel the scenes, — the wayside shrine, with ever fresh flowers in memory of one who fell dead on the spot full fourteen years ago; the cow teth-



ered in the field, with a heart-shaped amulet of red woollen bound about her forehead, to ward off the "evil eye;" the stone huts of the peasants swarming with handsome children; the high-pitched thatched roofs, and the little door-yards bright and fragrant with saffron and bergamot. There are pictures everywhere, Murillos or Millets to one's taste; Madonnas on every doorstep; nut-brown maids "winding off their soft woolly task with the spindles;" beautiful child-faces half-shyly peering from the square hole that serves for a window in the peak of the roof; groups of half-naked boys playing cards on the walls.

The interiors are bare and poor: one room, rafters visible above; a floor of earth; "woven work of willow-boughs" sometimes partitioning off one end of the room as a bedroom; a loft above it reached by a ladder, and on the floor a pallet of straw.

There is neither chimney nor stove. The fireplace is without crane or andirons, and is merely a broad stone shelf built out from the wall, and on this a fire of furze and fagots. The blinding smoke escapes as best it may through roof and open door. For cooking utensils, there are an

iron pot and trivets, and one or two red pottery jars and saucers.

Meat is a rare article of food with the peasant. Coarse corn-cake, baked on a trivet over the coals, hard, sour, heavy, and smoky, — this with a bit of cheese, fish, or a pepper, and a cup of cold water, is his principal food.

There is little furniture in the room, — a bed, so high as almost to require steps to get into it, with a bright worsted coverlet of domestic manufacture, like those of our colonial grandmothers; a table; a hand-loom in one corner; and a few scriptural prints on the walls. In some cottages one finds the same modification of the old Roman lamp, used by our forefathers in New England, — a small triangular pan to hold grease, and a floating wick. There are one or two chairs: these, however, are seldom used by the women, who squat upon the floor, and sew or spin, and card their flax and wool.

Most of the clothing and household stuffs are spun and woven by the women, who also perform much field labor, weave baskets, braid hats, knit and embroider beautifully, and make exquisite laces from the split fibre of the aloe. Both sexes are poorly paid for their labor. Men's wages in

Horta range from twenty-four to forty-eight cents a day. The best dressmakers get twelve cents. The Pico women go up to the clouds on the mountain, and milk, for eight cents. Those of Horta carry water from the public wells for two cents a bucket. The old spinner who sat for our artist earned but two cents a day, and spun by moonlight, not being able to afford a lamp.

The spinning is done with a distaff, held between the left arm and side. The thread is wound off the spindle on a sort of swifts, twisted deftly with the left hand. Flax is much grown on the islands, and takes the place that cotton does with us. Gentlemen's summer-suits are of snowy white linen. The coarser and unbleached kinds are worn by the peasant. The clean clothes of the field-laborer in Fayal are a noticeable contrast to those of our farm-hands. Woollen fabrics are also woven, — black, brown, and mixed cloths of the consistency of felting.

The men wear short jackets of these cloths, that look like the curtailed remains of dress-coats. They are very short on the shoulder, with broad lapels in front, and innumerable seams in the back.

Boys dress like their fathers. Girls under twelve are clad in a linen sack and petticoat, with

no other apparel. Little children of both sexes run about the streets in their scanty shirts. Babies go naked, and are much less attractive than babyhood in general. Their limbs are puny: they are never swaddled, and are often bow-legged.

In the people there is much to admire as well as to condemn. They are sensitive, jealous, credulous, and superstitious. They are lacking in courage. They quarrel and make up with the inconsistency of children, and are as impulsive, unreasonable, and irresponsible. They weep as easily as they laugh. While they are hardly to be called gay, they are happy and contented to a degree that makes them improvident and indolent, and indifferent if not absolutely hostile, to better modes of life. They marry young, and within forbidden degrees of kinship. Girls of thirteen marry their own uncles of twice their age. They are temperate and industrious, kind, polite, and helpful to strangers and to each other. Our donkey-men address each other and their acquaintance as *Senhor* and *Senhora*. The child kisses her hand in taking your proffered penny. Our stable-bills are made out, and our business papers addressed, to the "*Illustrissima Excellen-tissima Senhora*."



Different members of the same family are known by such a variety of names, that it is difficult to identify them as of one household. The wife sometimes takes her husband's name: quite as often she does not. The oldest son appropriates some of the father's ancestral names; the second son, some of the mother's; neither assuming his father's family name. The patronymic seems to be of little consequence. The personal name is the one to which importance is attached. Inquiring in a shop for the residence of the consul's brother-in-law, we got no satisfaction till it dawned upon the proprietor that we were in search of the Rua de Senhor Jorge. A mother gave us her child's name as Filomena das Angelos. Marias and Pias abound. In the post-office the letters are sorted according to the baptismal name, — a bundle of Antonios, another of Manuels, etc.

Now and then a trace of Orientalism appears. The women of the better class are seldom seen in the streets alone. "Would to Allah I might go home to my mistress!" sighed a tired model, posing for our artist.

They are very fond of music and dancing. The viola, an instrument peculiar to the Azores,

resembles the guitar and the mandolin, and differs from both. In shape and size it is like the former. Its music is delicate, and unlike that of any other instrument. It is used as an accompaniment in all their singing and dancing. The favorite dance of Fayal is the *Chama Rita*. It may be danced by four, eight, or sixteen. The player begins it by twanging all the strings of his viola together. The self-elected leader of the dance, hopping about in the middle of the room, accompanies the viola at the top of his voice in a monotonous recitative, in which the words "*Chama Rita*" and "*Bella Mia*" are of frequent recurrence. One by one the others fall in, walking slowly round each other back to back with a little joyous skip now and then, and snapping their fingers in the air to mark the time, as if with castanets. The dance consists of a polka step, with balancing to partners, and alternately to the rest, with frequent grand right and left, and ladies' chain. Occasionally they pair off for a little waltz. There seems to be no regular sequence for the changes of the dance. Successively, as the spirit moves them, the dancers, male and female, take up the recitative. So the racket goes on, the shouting of the song, the

twanging of the viola, and the snapping of the fingers, until apparently fatigued they pause. Each gentleman then asks his partner whom she will have to dance with next. She signifies her wish to continue with him, or, if she prefers another, the first solicits the chosen one to take his place, and the dance is renewed.


On these and all occasions the stranger is welcomed to the humble home of the Azorean peasant with dignity and decorum, and at the same time with a courtesy, cordiality, and frank hospitality, which are the truest politeness. One is struck, however, with the superiority of the Fayalese in manners and morals to the peasantry of the other islands, — a fact due to the excellent influence of the consul and his family.

The language of the people is Portuguese. It is interesting to trace the kinship between the tongues of South-western Europe. The Romans invaded and vanquished the language, as well as the territory, of their neighbors so thoroughly, that a bastard Latin is the speech of all French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese possessions to-day. All the Portuguese nouns are Latin ablatives; and one may usually guess at the adjective by substituting an *r* for an *l* in the Latin (the ex-

change of one liquid for another being apparently no robbery), — for instance, *branca* for *blanca*; *obligato* for *obligato*, etc. They chatter like magpies; and when we catch a Latin word, we seize and fling it back to them. They are mystified; then they shout with delight, the "*senhora sabe Portuguese*." We don't let them know we don't *sabe* for awhile. Then, regardless of moods and tenses, and other grammatical trifles, we patch up a mongrel sentence out of our little Latin, Italian, and French. In nine cases out of ten, they understand and answer, so that we get the substance of what they say. Thus, by sheer audacity we really get a good deal out of the language.

THE CALDEIRA.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.

O one should miss seeing the Caldeira, the crater, *par excellence*, of Fayal. It is reached by a gradual ascent of nine miles from Horta, which is easily made on a donkey or in a hammock. The hammock, fastened at either end to a long bamboo pole, is thus borne on the shoulders of two men. We were awakened at four in the morning by our escort, who chattered and smoked incessantly, while waiting for us to breakfast. They carry small bags of tobacco in their pockets, with innumerable little squares of corn-husks. The latter they wet with the lips, and roll up the tobacco in them into cigarettes as they need them.

We were a queer cavalcade, — three ladies half reclining in hammocks; two men to each hammock, and a third running alongside as a relay; two donkey-riders followed by their drivers; and

at the head of the troop a little man, with a big basket on his head, containing our luncheon. Our bearers ran briskly; and we soon reached the nearer hills, turning off from the paved highway between two walls into a narrow donkey-path through the open pastures.

As we began the ascent, the men reversed the hammocks, so that we rode backwards, thus commanding fine views of the town, the harbor, and Pico. For the first half-hour, I thought I had never experienced so luxurious a method of locomotion. Then gradually numbness began to creep over my extremities, and finally over every part of me. Sharp, nervous pains followed; and my distress culminated in sea-sickness, which compelled me to order the men to halt. I proceeded the rest of the way, alternately walking, and riding a donkey.

The path grew rougher, finally disappearing entirely; and we groped our way at the bottom of deep and narrow ravines that seemed like old water-courses. Our sure-footed little donkeys acquitted themselves nobly. Nothing could equal their patience, their persistence, their endurance. Pausing now and then to survey the situation, they would gather their slender legs into the

smallest possible compass, and mince along on a ridge of crumbling clay, so narrow that there was nothing to be seen of it on either side. Then, sidling cautiously down into the gully, they picked their way carefully over rolling stones, and crawled over slippery rocks, with an almost two-footed intelligence.

The men were always ready to help each other, and, without waiting to be called, ran and put their shoulders under the palanquin-poles with eager willingness. The little fellow who carried our heavy dinner-basket trudged bravely on. The muscles of his neck and chest stood out under its weight like ropes. All breathed painfully, and would have drawn painfully upon our sympathies, if we had not seen that they kept up a loud and rapid conversation all the way up the steep ravine.

For miles our path was hedged in by the blue hydrangea, — a plant not indigenous, but thoroughly naturalised here. Seen from a distance, it seems to lie in masses like a soft blue mist on the slopes of the hills; but on a nearer view it is found to be planted as a division between the lands. Each plant is immense, and bears hundreds of large trusses of sky-blue flowers. The

pastures were pink with genuine Scotch heather, contrasting well with the vivid green of the tree heath. Box, similar to that cultivated for borders in old colonial days, grew to tall trees shaped like the Lombardy poplar. Beautiful composite flowers nodded from the sides of the ravines, which were covered with masses of the native ivy resembling our English ivy.

Up, up, steadily up, three thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet above the sea-level to the brink of the Caldeira. It was free from clouds, and an awe-inspiring spectacle, — a circular abyss with precipitous sides covered with heath and Faya;¹ eighteen hundred feet to the bottom, which is a vast arena, containing a hill with its crater, and a large pond. Patches of bluish green, fringed with yellow, were dotted here and there, and slight elevations of irregular blocks of lava. What we later found to be men cutting rushes, and sheep feeding on the bottom, looked like moving pin-heads.

Pitching our tents just inside the rim of the great basin, we lay down to rest. The men disposed themselves to sleep, tethering the jacks on

¹ Faya, a tree that gives its name to the island of Fayal. Latin, *Fagus*.

the top where they got the full force of the wind. The Portuguese is not merciful to his beast. He drives his animals with a goad as large as a broomstick, armed with a sharp steel point. He takes excellent care of himself, however, never resting without putting on additional clothing. Our gentlemen set out with a guide for a ride round the rim of the crater, a distance of more than five miles. We watched them for over two hours, crawling like great black ants along the edge. They said it was like riding on the ridge-pole of a house.

Just after noon we noticed an unusual activity among the mites at the bottom, and by the aid of a powerful glass discovered that they were binding their sheaves, and, finally packing them on their heads, were actually beginning the ascent. This made us think it could not be as bad as it looked, and notwithstanding the "*O caminho não esta bom*" (the road no good) of the donkeymen, we determined to try it. The sight of a little money tempted two of the guides, and the two gentlemen and I set out for the bottom. Striking into a sheep-path, we went rapidly at first; but soon it turned upon itself in angles so sharp and steep that we could not trace it six feet

ahead. To make the eighteen hundred feet, one must walk at least three times the distance, Taking the guide's hand, with a pole in the other, I leaped down with long jumps. This was very exhausting, and my knees trembled violently. Again and again we assured each other that we were half way down, when a glance at the placid sheep below showed us our mistake. At last G—— exclaimed that he could see the sheep's legs, and then their shadows, and we saw that we were really progressing.

As we drew nearer the bottom, on steps so narrow that we could only place one foot at a time, we had met the patient toilers of the Caldeira, gray-headed men, and boys of fourteen, with their heavy burdens on their heads, staggering painfully up the awful heights. These rushes are braided into matting, and into ropes for the cattle. Three yards of rope are sold in the market-place for a *patank*, five cents. Think of the toil and the hardship that go to that little coil of rope: the miles of walking barefoot through steep rocky ravines to the summit of the Caldeira, the fatiguing descent into the pit, the hours of hard labor in the broiling sun, the cruel climb under the dreadful burden, and the long

walk home in the gloaming, with a loaf of hard bread, and a straw pallet for the weary bones, at the end of it. The rushes are tied first in small packages, then bound together in immense sheaves. A round place is left for the head, and softly lined with lycopodium.


We reached the floor of the crater in an hour and a quarter. It was covered with mints and tansy. The pond, which from above had appeared like stagnant water, was the outlet of a clear brook, the surface being covered with a network of the leaves of some aquatic plant. Gold and silver fishes darted among the roots. At some time or other, the crater lakes have been stocked with these fish. There are no native fish in the islands, and no snakes or reptiles of any kind. A few small pond-lilies bloomed sweetly near the shore. It was a relief to find life and beauty in place of stagnation and decay. Gazing upward, it was an awful sensation to see the clouds pouring in over the edge of the abyss like a cataract, and rolling above us like billows of the sea. The terrible walls seemed to be closing in around us. It seemed impossible that we should ever scale them. In vain we strained our eyes to see the forms and

faces of those we had left behind. Of the depth and vastness of this amphitheatre one can form no adequate idea without descending into it.

"*Facile descensus est! sed revocare gradum, hoc opus, hic labor est.*" It requires a long stride to mount each step of the way. I had made with difficulty a third of the distance, when one of the men, who had watched us from the top, came down to my aid. Seating me on his shoulder, and making me fold my hands on his head and sit erect, he held my knees stiffly against his chest, and in this way the strong-limbed fellow bore me up the dizzy path for several rods. But it was too great a strain on my nerves; and I gladly took to my feet again, and was nearly up, though pretty well exhausted, when the rest of the men brought down a hammock, and carried me in state to the top. On our way home we were, to say the least, surprised, when our bearers laid us flat in the road to rest, preparatory to their run through the town, and were quite as ready as they to cry "Alleluia!" when they dumped us in our *sagaõ* at sunset.

CAPELLO AND THE MYSTERIO.

Sunday, Aug. 10.

E started one Sunday morning for an excursion to Capello, a little village fourteen miles distant from Horta, at the west end of the island. Our carriage, as usual, was drawn by three mules. The road is one of the finest I ever saw. The soil is of such a nature that it is packed down with the hardness of concrete, and though sometimes dusty is never muddy. This road, which is finally to extend round the whole island, is now completed six miles to the north, and perhaps twice as far to the south-west. It is just wide enough for two vehicles. Much of it is built on solid masonry, as, for instance, when it crosses deep ravines.

Our route lay at first between the high stone walls of suburban fields. In the crevices of the walls grew the corydalis, yellow oxalis, and the fleshy-leaved ice-plant, with its red purple tassel-

flowers, that is so often cultivated in broken tea-pots in New-England kitchen windows. *Planta gela* is its Portuguese name. In the gardens immense fuchsias and tall oleander-trees were blooming. The poplar trembled between the wicked-leaved dragon-tree, and fig-trees loaded with fruit. Emerging into the more thinly settled country, we followed the shore with a steady ascent towards Capello.

No grass grew by the roadside; and, in fact, none properly so called grows in the islands. The wild carrot and the bright little hop-clover were everywhere. Madeira-vines climbed in wild luxuriance, filling the air with fragrance; tall canes waved their bannerets from the banks above us, and serpent-like cacti writhed among the rocks.

Bare-legged women, with their gay petticoats tucked up, and great bundles of clothes on their heads, were picking their way among the black rocks, to wash in the pools just left by the surf. Washing is done here in a way that certainly conduces to the whiteness of the clothes, though it may prove destructive to their texture. They are washed among the slimy rocks in sea-water, and never boiled. A big stone serves as a rub-

bing-board. To dry, they are spread in the sun on rubbish-heaps by the road-side, with stones at the corners of each garment to hold it flat, and sprinkled two or three times a day, for several days. Notwithstanding the severity of the process, I have never seen better laundering.

Our road lay through several little hamlets, the church and the tobacco-shop seemingly the nucleus of each. Groups of peasants saluted us pleasantly on their way to church. The church is always on an eminence, and presents an imposing appearance. A broad plaza in front is terraced down to the highway, to which the descent is made by long flights of broad stone steps. A venerable appearance is given to the whitewashed façade of the church by its trimmings and Roman cross of lichen-patched black lava. Its Moorish tower, with a bell in each of its four or five arches, makes it quite a picturesque object. The largest of these hamlets is *Castello Branco*, so named from an enormous white rock lying off the shore. It is four hundred feet high, and from the sea appears like a great fortress entirely disconnected from the shore. Seen from behind, it is found to be a bold promontory sloping backwards, and ending

in a narrow neck of land, which joins it to the mainland. Ruins of a monastery are still to be seen on its summit, a former refuge for the nuns of neighboring convents, when the corsairs came down upon the island. Embedded in its walls, are said to be the remains of antique china plaques with which they were decorated. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

Between the villages, sloping to the sea, lay broad and fertile fields; yams and sweet-potatoes, besides Indian corn, wheat, and other grains, beans, melons, squashes, and potatoes, as luxuriant as on the meadow-lands of the Connecticut. The corn is not in hills, nor as we plant it for fodder in New England. Each stalk stands alone at regular distances from its neighbors. It grows very tall, and the ground beneath is apparently not hoed after planting. A thin undergrowth, and often vines and beans, grow between. These fields extend to the very ocean, where they end in high cliffs of black volcanic rock, so soft that it is worn by the restless sea into caves and fantastic arches.

When within three miles of *Capello*, our good road abruptly ended, and we were forced to turn into the old one, which, like those of all

the islands, was originally paved. Our mules floundered helplessly among the irregular stones projecting at all angles from the worn-out pavement. The carriage threatened immediate dissolution. The driver yelled and lashed to no purpose. Leaving him and his team to their fate, we proceeded on foot. The people in their Sunday clothes came out from their thatched-roofed huts to look at us, and an old woman offered us a bunch of lavender from her little yard.

Ahead of us towered conical peaks, each with its crater, and all with smiling grain-fields on their beautiful slopes,—all save one, which, bare of verdure, glowed red in the angry glare of the noonday sun. From this peak flowed the latest lava stream of this island. Our last mile lay across the foot of this lava-bed, which is well named "The Mysterio," by the superstitious people.

The most recent eruption on the island of Fayal took place on the 24th of April, 1672. The whole island, including the city of Horta, was covered with ashes to the depth of four inches. The molten lava poured down from the mountain, destroying churches and villages, and laying waste the fields. The path of the awful

flood from the crater to the sea is still plain, though Nature for two hundred years has been doing her best to repair the ravages, and efface the scars on her beautiful face. Faya bushes and tree-heather are beginning to take root here and there; but for miles in length, and a mile in width, the land is strewn to the depth of many feet with the lava stones. Time has softened their contour, and a soft gray lichen that covers the whole area relieves the desolation of the place. On the 8th of May of the year of the eruption, the people of Capello went in a body to Horta, and, in presence of the mayor and aldermen, registered a vow, which is still kept, to give alms to the poor on Whitsunday.

Resuming our seats in the carriage, we reached Capello at mid-day. Here, as in other beautiful parts of the island, our consul has an unpretentious but comfortable house, to which with his family he often flits for a few days' rest. His name is always a passport to redoubled courtesy on the part of the people; and, when we explained that we had his permission to take possession of his house for the day, they stabled our mules and unpacked our hamper with the greatest alacrity.

After lunch, we started for a cavern in the lava-bed from which fine specimens can be obtained. Our path was a sheep-path, winding gently up among the nearer hills. Blackbirds whistled in the cornfields; Scotch heather covered all the uncultivated spots; lycopodium trailed along the banks on either side; wild thyme and the spicy juniper exhaled sweet odors beneath our feet. A half-hour's walk brought us to the edge of the lava-bed. Carefully our guide picked his way, and cautiously we followed. The small blocks of lava piled upon each other seemed firm enough; the beautiful gray lichen made a soft carpet for our feet; but here and there dark crevices showed us awful caverns yawning beneath, into which at any moment we might be plunged by the giving way of a single stone. Imagine what it was for our soldiers to fight Indians on Rocky Mountain lava-beds!

Far away, a scarlet spot showed the mouth of the cave. When discovered by the consul's son, it was but a chink in the floor of the lava-bed, half-hidden by a tuft of ferns that grew beside it. It is now a hole twelve to fifteen feet deep and as many wide.

G— went down into it, and with a hammer carefully broke off from the walls large pieces of red and gray lava, brittle and beautiful as coral. The whole place trembled and echoed hollow under our feet at every blow. It seems as if here the glowing torrent had suddenly cooled, and its fiery bubbles, protected by the denser surface of a more sluggish current, preserve their shape and color to this day. On long exposure to the air, this brilliant vermilion-covered lava, so different from the surface of the lava bed in texture, structure, and color, fades to a duller red.

The vesper bells were clanging as we drove back into town. Women were filling their water-pots at the wells. Groups of idle men made a Babel of the street. It was like a scene in the "Tale of Two Cities," only that men who looked revolutionary enough to drag us aristocrats from our carriage, twitched off their tasselled caps, and smiled at us pleasantly as we passed.

PICO.

Monday, Aug. 11.

THE island of Pico was long famous for its vineyards. In 1853 they were its chief source of wealth, thousands of pipes of wine being annually exported. Later the vines were destroyed by the *Oidium Tuckeri*, a mildew which blights both leaf and fruit. Though Pico now exports no wine, it is well worth a visit at the vintage-time. With a fast yacht and a fresh breeze, one may cross from Horta to the little village of Area Larga, in half an hour. The "Bayadère" danced lightly on the top of the waves, tossing back the spray in our faces. We ran into the cove on huge rollers that threatened to swamp our boat, completely submerging the landing steps, but were skilfully set ashore. The beach was lively with naked boys, who were dragging out great handfuls of the moss clutched from the crest of the waves. It is sold for a fertilizer.

Great, flat circular heaps of it, alternate red and white, were piled high upon the shingle. The glare of the walls was relieved by the fringing foliage of the tamarisk, the only kind of tree that flourishes on this island. It has long showy spikes of small pink flowers, and is very delicate and graceful. The consul's house here is interesting as having been formerly a priory. The refectory of the monks, and their narrow cells, are now the family sitting and sleeping rooms.

From the veranda, the vineyards stretch up to the lower slopes of the mountain. At first glance one would hardly recognize them as such. The vines are not trained on poles as in European countries, but trail over long, low piles of black lava, the whole ground being checkered by these heaps into little squares. Seen at a distance the intervening land is hidden; and one is not surprised that they were once mistaken for a coalyard by a Yankee sea-captain. The Pico grape is small and white, resembling the Delaware in size, shape, and texture. It has a delicious flavor, and is so delicate that one may eat pounds of them without a surfeit. We saw the grapes trodden out in a vat by

the naked feet of boys and girls. The must foaming

"Round the white feet of laughing girls"

is prettier in the poem than in reality.

At sunset we strolled toward the village of Old Creation (*Criação Velha*). It is destitute of water, and we passed troops of women carrying their buckets full from the seaside well two miles away. Any American woman might envy them their tall, straight figures, elegantly poised heads, and well-developed chests.

The original costume of Pico is extremely pretty,—a dark blue petticoat of the heavy woollen stuff known as "*picot*," bordered with scarlet; a hussar jacket of the same, reaching to the bottom of the waist, with many seams in the back, welted with red; a red cotton handkerchief for the head, surmounted by a man's straw hat of the flat braid of the island, and trimmed with a red worsted band.

The glory of Pico is its magnificent mountain, from which the island takes its name. The peak of Pico rises directly from the ocean to a height of 7635 feet,—a height all the more impressive from the absence of surrounding hills.

It realizes one's beau-ideal of a volcano. Sloping symmetrically up from the sea, both sides converge at the top in a perfect cone, yet there is no sameness in its outline. Several parasitic craters spring from its sides near the base; and the apex of the peak rises out of a great crater, whose precipitous wall presents a bold shoulder to the north. From the apex, itself a smaller crater, a thin volume of steam often ascends, which, illumined by the sun rising directly behind it, appears like a flame.

The view of the mountain at sunset from Horta is beautiful beyond description. Often it is bathed from crown to base in a rosy glow that deepens into purple and is gone. Sometimes a bright red spot, like a dome of burnished copper, suddenly appears in the midst of the clouds that all day have shrouded the mountain. Instantly the cloud-curtains are drawn aside, as if by an unseen hand, and the peak, all aflame, is revealed. As we watch, it seems actually to flash redder and mount higher, the glow of it creeping down to the shoulders of the mountain, whose base is murky black. Alternately meeting and parting, as if to display the gorgeous spectacle, the clouds roll on, and the peak, now

lifted up into infinite height, now thrown back into infinite depths of space, is transfigured with an unearthly glory.

The climate of the islands is equable. The thermometer in Horta never goes below 43° in winter, and seldom reaches 84° in summer. Nevertheless the summer here is enervating; the dampness of the atmosphere being so great, that, even with a temperature of 70°, one is drenched with perspiration on the slightest exertion. It is hottest in the early morning, a sea-breeze usually springing up later. The climate of Pico is more bracing. Many residents of Fayal own estates in Pico, to which they resort in summer, on account of the better air and the opportunities for surf-bathing. In winter, frequent and violent storms of rain and wind prevail. The heights of the Caldeira and the summit of Pico are frequently capped with snow. During a recent winter hail-storm a Fayalese woman filled a little bottle with hailstones to preserve as a summer luxury.

A PEEP AT SAN JORGE, GRACIOSA, AND TERCEIRA.

Thursday, Aug. 14.



AN excellent line of Portuguese steamers affords fortnightly communication between the Azores and Lisbon. Letters from America are received at the islands by this line, in from twenty to thirty days from the time of mailing in New York or Boston. Taking passage in these steamers at any of the islands except Pico, which is regarded as but a suburb of Fayal, one may visit the others of the group.

We embarked at Horta at midnight of Thursday, Aug. 14. Silent and depressed, as is natural to those who go from the known to the unknown, we pushed out into the darkness. The bay was calm. Jupiter left a shining wake upon the waters as he went his way in the heavens. Our boat ploughed a furrow of phosphorescence in the sea. Stars fell from our dripping oars.

Myriads of gulls, aroused from their slumbers, flew startled from their perch on the anchored lighters, shrieking ominously.

The steamer fired her departing gun at two A. M., and three hours later another gun announced our arrival at San Jorge.

"Haven here

Was none for ships, nor sheltering creek; but shores
Beetling from high, and crags and walls of rock."

A stay here of two or three hours, while the ship takes in her cargo, is all that one cares to make; there being no accommodation for strangers. Graciosa is reached at noon. "*Le plus gentil des isles*," as a Frenchman on board assured us, it is, as its name imports, a pretty little island, but with no special attractions for the tourist. It was a festival day in the islands. Bells pealed from the church-towers in honor of the "*consumption of Mary*," so we were informed by a Portuguese gentleman who spoke English.

Another delay of a few hours, another cargo of wheat, and then off for Terceira. As its name signifies, this island is the third of the group in order of discovery; but it is the sec-

ond in order of population and importance. The afternoon was squally, and a short chopping sea made us all unhappy. Our French acquaintance, helplessly appropriating one of our ship-chairs, gasps out, "*Oh, mon Dieu! je suis si derangé que je n'ai pas le courage de complimenter les dames*," — which for a Frenchman must have been very *derangé* indeed.

At six in the afternoon we cast anchor in the port of Angra, which is situated much like Horta. Monte da Brazil is the counterpart of Monte da Guia. Sloping backward, it connects with the city by a strongly fortified isthmus, in itself a village which has more than once been the refuge of the monarchs of Portugal during Peninsular revolutions. Angra earned its glorious title *do Heroísmo* in 1828, when its citizens declared in favor of their rightful sovereign, Doña Maria II. After maintaining the defensive for nearly three years, this brave people took the offensive, and freed the islands from the power of the usurper, Dom Miguel.

The steamer lies at Angra forty-eight hours, which the traveller finds sufficient, as the only hotel in the place is inconceivably comfortless and filthy. All that is worth seeing in and about



the city may be seen in that time. As we walked up from the quay, the people flocked to their balconies to gaze at us. A little less staring would have been embarrassing.

The entrance to the "Hotel Terceirense" is through a *sagão* used as a wine-vault, and full of dusty hogsheads; a musty, sour, evil-odored place, with which, alas! we found the rest of the house in perfect keeping.

After a night of indescribable horrors, we sallied out to see the city. Angra is the capital of the Azores. It is the residence of the governor-general and also of the bishop. It has better houses and wicker streets than the other Azorean towns, and a pretty market-place. Here we saw the peasants in their clean linen suits with immense double collar-buttons of Roman gold. They wear on the back of the head funny little melon-shaped caps of dark-blue cloth with scarlet lappets turned up at the sides.

We visited the cathedral, the largest church of the islands, and, like all the rest, tawdry. Connected with the church is a conference chamber for the bishop and priests. Here, ranged about the walls in chronological order, are the portraits of all the Azorean bishops, from the first one in

1546 to the present incumbent. It is an interesting but poorly painted collection. Some were done in Lisbon, others in San Miguel; and those of the sixteenth century are fully equal to those of the nineteenth. At night we made our glad escape to the steamer, whose cleanly state-rooms were a grateful contrast to the vile bedrooms of the hotel.

The raising of grain and cattle are the principal industries of Terceira. The national custom of an annual bull-fight is still kept up at Angra. All day Sunday, lighters plied to and fro between shore and ship. The great hull trembled from stem to stern with the incessant jar and hiss of the donkey engines. Huge, black bulls, perhaps destined for some Spanish arena, dangled helplessly in the air as they were hoisted on board. Sooty half-naked men, demon-like, appear from the infernal regions of the ship, and, staggering and sweating under their burdens, plunge again into the nethermost corners of the hold.

At last the hatches are closed. The captain returns from the town. Beautiful boats gayly caparisoned, and manned by handsome crews in uniform with brilliant sashes, row out to us. They bring the *crème de la crème* of Terceira.

The governor-general, resplendent in scarlet and gold lace, and scores of the military escorting elegantly dressed ladies, promenade our deck. The latter embrace the stewardess, and kiss her on both cheeks. Every man on board, from governor-general to cabin-boy, smokes and spits incessantly. The Portuguese is never seen without his cigarette. Ladies or no ladies, at table or elsewhere, puff, puff, with not so much as "By your leave." As an offset to this, however, no meal begins on the ship, and no gentleman takes his seat at the table, till the ladies appear.

At sunset our signal-gun is fired. Frantic embraces follow. Men clasp each other in their arms, and kiss each other; the gay boats drop gracefully astern, and we steam slowly out of port.

SAN MIGUEL AND ITS PORT.

Monday, Aug. 18.

SUNRISE of the next morning finds the steamer anchored off Ponta Delgada, the seaport of San Miguel (St. Michael's). Although this island is the largest and finest of the Azores, the first view of it from the sea is disappointing. Innumerable little conical hills extend in a monotonous, scalloped ridge behind the city. Externally Ponta Delgada resembles Horta. Its commerce is mostly with England, while that of Horta is with America. It has more wealth than Horta, and some fine residences surrounded by superb gardens of world-wide fame. There is a small English colony of pleasant people, and an English church. For the English hotel little can be said, but board at moderate rates may be had in private families; and so situated one would doubtless find Ponta Delgada, with its fine air

and delicious fruits, a delightful winter residence. San Miguel has a mean annual temperature of sixty degrees, which is twelve warmer than either Rome or Nice, and five warmer than Lisbon.

The ox-cart of San Miguel has immense wheels with spokes, and is drawn by one ox between two shafts. The women wear a peculiar capote, and the men a *carapuça*, or broadcloth cap with huge visor, and a deep havelock-like cape depending from it behind.

The largest crater, that of the *Sete Cidades*, or Seven Cities, is at the north-western extremity of the island. Its longest diameter is three miles. In the bottom of this vast basin are two great lakes: one named *Lagoa Azul* from its blue color; the other, *Lagoa Verde*, being as green as the first is blue.

It is, however, in the crater known as the valley of the Furnas, that one finds more that is novel and attractive than anywhere else in the Azores. This valley is twenty-seven miles distant from Ponta Delgada, at the eastern end of the island. It takes its name from its hot springs and geysers of mineral-water, which render it a resort for invalids.

With the usual three-mule carriage and chair-o-teer, and three jacks and their drivers behind to carry our luggage, we started for the Furnas. Leaving the suburbs, the hills grew higher, and were covered with pine-trees, which had a home-like look, or would have had but for the piles of staves for the winter-orange boxes, already sawed and lying in the woods. The orange of San Miguel is the finest in the world, and hundreds of boxes are annually sent to England. The small, flat, thin-skinned, strong-flavored variety native to Morocco, and known as the Tangierina, is also grown here. The orange-season lasts from November to March. Wind-falls are never picked up. It often happens that some of the oranges do not come to maturity during the season. These dry up on the trees, but do not drop off, and the next year attain their full size, and ripen in early summer. We gathered delicious Tangierinas from the trees in August, that were the relics of the last year's crop.

The road is excellent, hard-trodden and slightly convex, with stone water-courses at the side, masonry along every precipice, and stone bridges over every mountain torrent. Ever and anon we

ran down at full speed from the top of steep hills to the very shore of the sea, meeting the cool breeze, and dashing through villages quaint and pretty, — and, alas! poor in direct ratio to their picturesqueness. Half-clad women, with folded arms, idle and inane but for the look of stolid despair on their otherwise expressionless faces, crouched on the floor of their squalid huts, which they shared with the hens and pigeons. Naked babies crawled about the doors, and an army of brutal and savage children ran clamoring after us for alms.

All along our route, old stone fountains babbled, and from their brazen throats poured cool mountain springs to refresh the weary traveller. Women were filling their great red water-jars at the spouts; others had dammed up the overflow in the road, and were washing their clothes in the puddle. Many were harvesting. Great heaps of corn lay on the *eiras*; and whole families were squatting beside them, braiding bunches of ears together by the husks. These the men hung up high to dry on four poles put together like a wigwam, mounting to the top by ladders. Beautiful in color were these rural pictures. Pearly-white and orange-yellow stacks, towering up side

by side from the gray floor of the *eira*, with the blue sky or the bluer sea for a background.

Finally a pair of cattle was hitched ahead of our mules, and we started on the last pull up the mountain. As we ascended, the land grew more sterile. Goats clambered up the narrow mountain paths. It grew chilly. The clouds hung lower. Spits of rain pelted us sharply now and then. Silence brooded over the place, and infected us. But for the bright little heather, we should have felt we were entering the land of desolation. At last we ran out on a narrow tongue of the table-land, and stopped. A stupendous view lay before us. Hundreds of feet beneath, the valley of the Furnas yawning and smoking like the bottomless pit; the steam of its geysers illumined by the last rays of the setting sun flaming up from its depths. Fastening an iron shoe to the hind wheel of the carriage, we ploughed along the level for a few feet, the driver plied his lash, and down we flew, round fearful curves and sharp zigzags, dashing wilkily down the precipice, sliding near enough to its walled edge to make us faint with the awful glimpses of the gulf below.

THE FURNAS. — GRENÁ AND THE CALDEIRAS.

Monday, Aug. 18.



HE bottom reached, our tongues are loosed. There is certainly a charming novelty in the idea of dwelling for a while in an extinct crater. Not so extinct, however, but that it still quivers with half-suppressed convulsions of internal rage, and mutters sullen premonitions of future outburst. Not so alive, either, but that man has pitched his habitation all over its surface, and cornfields wave upon its slopes, and the yam and the sweet potato flourish, cheated into a tropical luxuriance by its subterranean fires, and watered by the spray of its boiling brooks.

There is a good Portuguese inn in the village of the Furnas, but this was not our destination. We were bound for an English estate two or three miles beyond, the steward of which is privi-

leged to receive a few guests, whenever the mansion is not occupied by the owner's family. Dismissing our carriage, in a twinkling five donkeys and their drivers put themselves at our service, and we started for Mr. B——'s. Winding in and out among the hills from which iron brooks poured down in their rusty beds, we crossed the rim of the Furnas crater, on the opposite side from that by which we had entered, and dropped down into its duplicate, a crater as deep, as wonderful, as the first. Leaving the main road, we struck into a narrow donkey-path following the lake shore up to the estate of Grená. Its great white house, the only one in the crater, came into view about a mile ahead, beautifully situated on a high terrace, supported by two bold wooded headlands that sloped to the lake. Behind it rose cliffs as majestic as the Eagle Cliff at Franconia Notch, with surrounding scenery even grander, because connected with such sublime manifestations of nature.

Hawks flew screaming about the cliffs. No other sound but the little patter of the donkeys' feet. Clouds rolled and seethed out of the truncated peaks of the crater rim; the sky was overcast, the wind sighed through the pines, — a



sombre sky, a mournful wind. Here and there the surface of the lake along the shore bubbled with a sluggish ebullition. Fumes of sulphur filled the air. The rocks on either side the path as we wound along the cliff were warm. Volumes of thick steam rose from a lakelet which boiled up from its very depths with a violent agitation. Nothing could be more impressive than that twilight ride in that strange land, — the still, dark lake silently exhaling its poisonous gases; the pond, a fierce, hot caldron, noisily threatening horrible death to one whose foot might slip on its brink; the ground rent and riven, groaning at every rift, and sweating at every pore with the terrible struggles of the panting giant below, chained for a time, but none can tell how soon to be let loose with devastating power upon that smiling valley.

At much inconvenience to herself, and with a totally un-English cordiality, the mistress of the mansion made room for us; and we were soon established in comfortable quarters. The house is a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and abruptly behind it tower cliffs a thousand feet higher. The scenery is enchanting, with the placid lake dreamily reflecting the beautiful

alps, and the deep ravines among which fair Echo runs shouting whole sentences. "It is like the Tyrol, like Interlachen!" cried our invalid, drawing back her curtain the morning after our arrival; but it is like nothing but its own inimitable self.

Our life here was like a chapter out of "Quits." Going to "The Top" before breakfast to drink new milk while the herdsmen milked, with a bit of black bread in our pockets, and alpenstocks in our hands, was like Nora's excursions in the Tyrol. "The Top" was an alpine solitude, with here and there its cheese-makers, its fagot-cutters, and its charcoal-burners. It was like Nora anxiously waiting for the return of her cousin Jack from one of his adventures, when we went out in the moonlight, and heard the peasants hallooing and waking the echoes on the other side of the lake, and voices far away among the hills, and saw white figures stealing along the shore, and finally a dark object bounded up the path close by us, and it was our collegian returned from the *festa*. The miller and the forester, Seppel and Rosel, — we found them all here, but with Portuguese names.

The estate of Grená contains over four hundred

acres, comprising, among other little items, a thousand orange-trees. It is managed by Mr. George Brown, who is an authority on the botany of the island, an ardent lover of Nature, and possessed of all her secrets. He is also a kindly and agreeable man, and, with his refined and amiable family, adds much to the charm of the place.¹ One may wander for hours among the winding paths of Grená, listening to the songs of the canaries, of which the woods are full, or to the softer music of cascades as wonderful and as beautiful as the Staubbach. Time fails me to tell half the delights of Grená. The air is bracing and exhilarating; the temperature so equable that our thermometer varied only from 69° in the morning to 72° at midday during the four weeks we passed there. 75° in summer, and 50° in winter, are the extremes of temperature. It is not warm enough to ripen tomatoes, figs, or bananas.

The *caldeiras*, or geysers, are a continual source of interest. Those at Grená occur in a sterile patch of pumice and clay, about half an acre in extent, the surface of which is thickly sown with

¹ Since the above was written Mr. Brown has died. His family now reside in Ponta Delgada.

alum and soda. The ground sounds hollow under the tread, and hot steam hisses from every crack. Near the boiling lakelet I have described, a perpetual churning is heard, like the splashing of water under a revolving wheel in a pit. Below, the pit resounds and trembles with a regular thud, like the steady beat of an engine, and, at each pulsation, vomits forth scalding water which is covered with an oily scum, and deposits a glaucous clay on the sides of the pit. We named the place the Devil's Engine-Room, for it seems as if here lay the motive power of all the infernal convulsions about us. We concluded that the prophet who first threatened sinners with the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone lived in a volcanic country, and wrote whereof he knew.

Side by side, so that one can put the thumb in one, and the forefinger of the same hand in the other, one finds icy-cold soda-water, sparkling like champagne, separated only by a thin rim of clay from sulphur-water so hot and so offensive that one can hardly bear the touch or smell of it; and, what is more remarkable, the cold spring is in a state of as active ebullition as the hot one.

The *caldeiras* of the Furnas are situated on an

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elevated plateau, from which the waters are carried in pipes to the baths and fountains. The earth is incrustated with crystals of sulphur, alum, and soda. It is so hot that a cane thrust into it is scorched; and one must needs walk briskly over it. Suffocating clouds of steam, laden with sulphuretted hydrogen, drift from every direction into our face. The *Bocca d'Inferno*, or Mouth of Hell, is an ugly-looking pit, on a much larger scale than that at Grená. A deafening noise is made by the imprisoned fiends. There is a roaring and rumbling as of distant thunder; a gurgling like a dense volume of water flowing through an underground vault; a beating as of bass-drums; and the same semi-liquid, pitchy clay is pumped out as if by machinery. The peasants use it as a salve for rheumatic joints.

All the ground is permeated with mineral springs of every kind and temperature. Near one, that looked like a burnt-out, half-demolished chimney with a boiling pot at the bottom, a woman stood watching three ears of corn, which she had thrown in to cook for her breakfast. Her husband had coiled the willow twigs for his baskets in another caldron, and was busy stripping off the bark. The overflow of the dinner-pot

ran along the roadside, till it fell tumbling into a yam-field, where we traced it by its steam for rods.

Close by is a clear, cold, effervescent spring of soda-water, so charged with carbonic-acid gas, that a little of it shaken up in a bottle throws out the cork with a loud report. As we tossed off cupful after cupful, the woman, who was cooking her corn, nodded approvingly at us, and, catching up her two babies, held them up in turn, with their mouths to the spout, saying, "*Muito gosto; fiz muito gosto*" (It makes a good appetite); the only wonder being that she could wish to stimulate the appetites of the poor little wretches.

Passing through a tunnel, warmed by natural emanations, and tapestried with beautiful efflorescences of sulphur and alum, we came upon four great tanks of water, that supply the baths. The bath-house, which is of gray stone, is not yet completed. It is pleasantly situated, and generously designed by the Portuguese government, to include apartments for the sick, and separate establishments for those of both sexes who do not seek the baths as invalids. The bath-rooms are large, with a dressing-room to each, stone floors, and marble bath-tubs, large



enough to float in, sunk to the level of the floor. Four faucets, opening into each, supply hot and cold sulphur and iron waters, at the caprice of the bather. The baths are free of charge to all; a small fee to the attendant at the end of the season being all that is expected.

PEASANT LIFE IN THE FURNAS.

THE Furnas village is far more picturesque than any we have seen. The streets are narrower, and so hard trodden, that the peasants use them for a threshing-floor. As we ride through them, our donkeys pick their way carefully between heaps of lupine which the men are threshing with flails before their doors. In the first book of the Georgics, Virgil impresses upon the Italians the necessity of a rotation of crops, to preserve the soil from exhaustion, and especially urges the alternation of a light leguminous crop with the heavier grain crops.

"Changing the season," he says, "you will sow the golden corn on that soil from which you shall have first gathered the merry pulse with rattling pod, or the tiny seeds of the vetch, and the brittle stalks and rustling forest of the bitter lupine." This good advice was so well followed by the Romans that they carried the lupine with

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them into their conquered provinces ; and throughout the Azores, to this day, the leguminous crop alternates with the grain crop. When about three feet high, the lupine is cut with a sort of two-edged sword, and the stubble is ploughed in for a fertilizer. The bean of the lupine is very bitter. The Furnas peasants carry bags of them down to the sea ; and, after they are pickled by lying for a few days in the salt water, they are sold at the street-corners as one of the delicacies of the Lenten season.

At every turn of the road are gushing fountains, and beside them women in fantastic costumes, filling their antique water-jars. Where the river runs under the bridge, groups of them are always washing. Often we meet little children — a girl with her soiled apron, or a boy singing and swinging his dirty shirt — on their way to the river. Follow them, and you will see them scrub away at their little duds as deftly as their mothers.

The houses are all of stone, one story, with high thatched roofs. They stand close upon the street, with no yards in front, each projecting a little beyond its neighbor. One small square window, swinging inward, is placed high up in

the front wall, and never closed but at night. The front door always stands invitingly open ; and, even if the lower half be shut, the top panel, which is on hinges, is flung wide open into the room. Such fascinating pictures as we often see framed in these half-open doors ! here a Rembrandt, there a Rubens ; an old man in his shirt-sleeves, resting his arms on the casement, stolidly smoking, his silvery hair straggling from under his gay knit cap ; or a bright red handkerchief, crossed on a woman's breast, lights up the dark background, the leathery wrinkled old face contrasting sharply with the spotless white of the turbaned head, leaning meditatively on one hand. There are Murillos too, but of a less attractive sort, hardly to be mentioned to ears polite.

The interior consists of one room with floor of earth, strewn with rushes or pine-needles. Its furniture, — two beds, touching foot to foot, and occupying one end of the room ; two Eastlake chairs, that would fill the heart of the modern decorator with envy ; a deep stone window-seat under the high window ; a niche in the opposite wall, usually containing a bambino ; and a table.

The beds are made up high, with ticks of



home-made linen, filled with husks, moss, or a soft, silky fibre gathered from the rootstock of the *Dicksonia culcita*, a fern very abundant here; a hard round bolster, and no pillows. When the family is too numerous to stow away in the two beds, others are made up under them, and trundled out at night. A loft is also made in the peak of the roof for the big boys, by swinging a floor of boards half across the living-room, above the other beds. Often one may see the men of the family taking here their noonday rest while below

"The wife, solacing with song her tedious labor, runs through the webs with her shrill sounding shuttle."

Wandering from house to house in the valley of the Furnas, we easily forget we are living in the middle of the nineteenth century, so primitive are the occupations of the people.

"Some in querns
Ground small the yellow grain;
Some wove the web
Or twirled the spindle, sitting, with a quick
Light motion like the aspen's glancing leaves;"

Or held

"The distaff wrapped in wool
Of color like the violet."

One dries his corn in the capacious oven, or

"Weaves the pliant basket of bramble twigs,"

or slowly rears his wattle fence of the yielding cane. One flits from hearth to hearth with a potsherd of live coals.

Others bear on their heads great bundles of flax from the fields; while others again bruise, hackle, spin, and wind it ready for the loom. Few are idle. Their patient toil and their simple lives are full of lessons for us. They show us how circumscribed is the limit of the actual necessities of life, and our own extravagance and wastefulness as individuals and as a nation. Many of them never look over the walls of the crater in which they were born. They work from sunrise to sunset for about a shilling a day. Their food is corn-bread and a drink of spring-water, with now and then a few bitter beans and a bit of dry fish as luxuries. They have no barns nor storehouses; for there is no grass to cut, the corn is housed with the family, and the hens and pigeons roost among the thatch. Most of them own neither field nor cart, nor ox nor horse, nor donkey nor cow nor goat. They have neither tea nor coffee, and seldom taste a drop of milk.

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At Christmas-tide they have good cheer; for every man who can afford to keep one kills his pig, and exchanges with his neighbors.

The peasant of the Furnas valley utilizes every thing that grows. He feeds his *porca* on the wild lettuce, the brake, and the yam-leaf. He braids the reed into ropes, plaits it into matting, or uses it and the pine-leaf to carpet his floor. Of its pith he makes artificial flowers. Of the bramble and the willow he weaves his baskets which serve him as well for cart, and wheelbarrow, and fanning-mill. The bamboo he uses for his staff, his fence, and his rafters. His roof and his hat are of straw. The flax supplies most of his clothing. His dye-stuffs are the weeds of the hillside. The volcano furnishes the stone for his dwelling; the brook, the clay for his pottery. He makes his bed of moss, or husks, or fern-silk. The Faya and the heather give him his fuel. His greatest ambition is to become the possessor of an American lamp, clock, or umbrella.

One of the drollest of their customs is that of attaching nicknames which in time supersede the real name of the person. The most trivial incident supplies the nickname. For instance, the real name of the father of Anton, one of our

donkey-men, was Pereiro; but at a pig-killing, an occasion of great merriment, he got the appendage of Ribica, or Pigtail, to his name. Hence Anton is called Anton Ribica; and were he to be spoken of as Anton Pereire, no one would know who was meant. Our old Francisco is nicknamed Panela, or Saucepan; and his son Manuel, the soldier, is always soberly called Manuel Panela.

Anton is a very intelligent fellow. He would be called "smart" for a Yankee: for a Portuguese peasant, his energy, his promptness, his shrewdness, and his quick perception of character are remarkable. Our enthusiasm over every thing delights him. He contrasts it with the immobility of the "*Ingles*." He and the rest of the donkey-men are unwearied in their efforts to entertain us. We asked him one day which he liked best, — Americans, or Portuguese. Of course he said Americans, and then threw us into convulsions of laughter by proceeding to explain the difference, and to give his reasons for his preference. He is a perfect mimic; and with unrivalled pantomime, and a few Portuguese words, he gave us the typical lady of both nations.

The *senhora Americana* sews, writes, reads French and German, and plays the piano; she

travels; she likes the *burro*, and enjoys the *buena vista*.

The *senhora Portuguese* does nothing of all this. She reads nothing; she sits at home and fans herself; she "*valsa, valsa, sempre valsa,*" and cares for nothing but "*dança, dança, sempre dança.*" And, fanning himself violently with his hat, Anton waltzed down the road to show us how she did it.

A BALL IN THE FURNAS.

Wednesday, Sept. 3.



E told Anton we should like to see some dancing; and, after some consultation, it was decided to give a ball at Francis's house. We suggested Tuesday as a convenient night for us, but noticed that their interest suddenly abated. Anton explained that Tuesday was an unlucky day: would the *señoras* name "*hum outro dia*"?

Promptly at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening our men appeared with *Borboleta* (Butterfly), the two Cupids, and the nameless *burro*, to convey us to the ball at the village, two miles away. The moon was slightly on the wane, but the night was light. Every star shone reflected in the lake below us. Brilliant meteors shooting through the sky were mirrored in the depths of the placid water, and on its surface were pictured the house and every twig of the forest

behind it. It was as cool as a late October night; and the air was damp, and heavy with the fumes of mephitic gases. The frogs kept up a dismal croaking. "*Ranae?*" I said tentatively to Anton. "*Si, senhora: r-r-r-raã!*" he shouted gleefully, with a long roll of the *r*.

The village street was dark and still; the casements and doors closed, and from behind them issued subdued voices as from people who had gone to their night's repose. One or two doors were open, and those who still sat in them spoke softly. Arriving at Francisc's, he gave a loud rap with his donkey-stick on the door, which was opened at once by his wife, — "*minha mulher,*" as he introduced her.

The main room of the house was artistically decorated with masses of the bright blue hydrangea and immense fronds of a beautiful Woodwardia fern. The guests, already assembled, all rose as we entered. "They grow manners here," G—— says; and truly they do. There was no vulgar staring; no snickering or jostling of each other to regard the strangers. If we behaved with equal decorum, we must have done credit to our nation. I am sure, that, under similar circumstances, a crowd of our countrymen

and women of the same rank in society would have exhibited rudeness and low-breeding.

Our hostess devoted herself to entertaining us, expressing great regret at the absence of Mr. B——'s daughter, who was to have accompanied us. "*Sophy muita bonita,*" she said, pointing to her face; and "*muita bom,*" laying her hand on her heart. They make careful distinction between beauty of face and beauty of soul.

After some waiting, a joke appeared to be circulating among the company, which our hostess politely explained, telling us that somebody had said that the violist was usually three months dressing for a ball. In he came soon, however, — a fine-looking fellow, much better dressed than the rest, — singing, smoking, twanging his viola, and dancing three steps and a shuffle as he entered. One by one the men fell in behind him, till there was a circle all round the room; one by one they beckoned the women in, and all danced and sang, following the leader, in a double ring, snapping their fingers high above their heads, in time with the viola. With solemn faces they kept up the monotonous procession. Now and then one of the men burst into a loud recitative, at which all laughed; and either another would

take it up, and add to it in the same strain, or a woman would reply to it. This recitative, chanted to the tune of the viola, is always improvised, and is often made the vehicle for sharp personalities, and for good-natured joking at those suspected of being enamoured of each other.

Some of these improvisations hinted at infelicitous matrimonial experience on the part of the singer. "If my wife dies," said one, "I will tie a ribbon on her, and get another much younger and handsomer." Some had a poetical East Indian flavor: "I have seen the sun rise in the morning from the flower of the water-melon; and this is why he is so yellow during the day." The simplicity of the subjects, and the naïveté of the expression, were a striking contrast to our conventionalism.

One, gayly attired like a Spanish brigand, in corduroy breeches, a black braided jacket bordered with velvet, and a broad scarlet sash, stamped as he danced, and sang in stentorian voice, "When I sing the little seeds all jump out of the ground." All laughed at his elation, except our hostess, who frowned as if she feared some indecorum on his part.

The "*charamba*" ended, the "*saudade*," a sad strain on the viola, followed.

Saudade means "longing." They often put "*multas saudades*" at the end of their letters. While this was going on, a young girl sat down by E——, laid her head on her shoulder, put her arms round her, and gave her an affectionate little squeeze.

Gayer dances followed. They formed in lines as we do for our Virginia reel, and went down the middle by couples, in a series of balancings marvellous to behold. As we came away they were marching about arm in arm, with now and then a little skipping step.

There was no light in the village, as we rode homeward. The barking of a dog, and the clicking of the donkeys' feet, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night.

As we wound among the cliffs, Ernest told the men to unite in a loud halloo. The echo was magnificent. It was caught up by peak after peak, successively, and came back to us fainter and fainter, as if from elf-lands more and more remote.

Though it was after midnight, Mrs. B—— and Sophy met us at the door, and Maria had delicious cold chicken set out for us in the dining-room.

FAREWELL TO THE FURNAS.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

NEVER sleeper, and never later in bed, than on the morning of Saturday, Sept. 6, when we were suddenly roused by a loud rap on the door. "Another earthquake," said I to myself, quite familiarized to such trifling occurrences by a month's residence in the crater of an extinct volcano. "Beef-tea time," drowsily ejaculated our invalid, turning over for another nap.

A louder knock! "Who is there?" I cried. "Est ees me, Marcea," replied our slow-speeched maid-of-all-work. I opened the door. She held up a letter. It was for the Illustrissimo Excellentissimo Senhor our collegian, who had started with Anton Ribica, two hours before, for Pico da Varra, the highest mountain of San Miguel.

I was perplexed. Evidently the letter was

from the American consul at Ponta Delgada, and probably concerned us all. We opened it, and read to the effect that the United States steamer was in ahead of time; that she would sail at once for Madeira; that the consul had sent, the day before, a carriage for us with this letter informing us that we must be in Ponta Delgada at six P.M. this very day; and, added Maria with a grin, "Ee sez ef you not go ee tek sumbody else."

The unreliable Portuguese coachman had arrived seasonably the night before in the Furnas, with special orders to use all speed and to return as early as possible the next day. Instead of bringing the message at once, the irresponsible idiot had caroused all night with his friends in the village. He had chatted with half a dozen peasants in the morning, on their way to our house, any one of whom would have brought us the message early enough to have prevented the collegian's excursion. A dozen things he might have done to expedite matters, which he had as a matter of course omitted to do. But "*Paciencia, sempre paciencia.*" *Ne vous dérangez jamais.*

So here we were. Four trunks to pack, the key of one in G——'s pocket, and he with Anton and donkeys galloping in another direction, hav-

ing already two hours the start; our washing in the tubs at Francisco's, two miles away in the village; donkeys for ourselves and the luggage to be got from the Furnas; the faithless driver to be hunted up with his carriage; and twenty-seven miles of hill and dale between us and the steamer to be travelled after all was ready.

We sent runners on foot in all directions. One over the hills by a short cut, to overtake Anton and G—— if possible; another to the city, to tell Capt. H—— the cause of delay, and beg him to wait for us; a third to the village, for the wet clothes and the slow-paced asses; while a fourth was stationed at a fork in the road, to intercept the excursionists if by chance they should return by another way. By ten o'clock the trunks were packed, and on the donkeys' backs, with the promise that they should be in the city by five P.M. at the farthest.

We ambled to the village to await the arrival of G—— at Francisco's, and thus gain two miles on the distance. Stationing Manuel and little Anton at different points on the road to watch for our wayfarers, we hunted up coaches, and ordered him to "the Top," to await us there with the carriage, as he could not drag us up without bullocks.

As innocently as if he were not himself the cause of all our trouble, he impressed upon us that the Senhor Thomas had charged him not to start later than noon.

Thus all things being done that could be done, we sat down in Francisco's kitchen to wait. "*Paciencia!*" cried "*minha mulher*" encouragingly; and, smiling blandly, went on with her ironing. She was doing it with what she called "American irons," though I never saw them in our country, — a great box-iron, with a pan of charcoal inside, and a chimney that gave it the appearance of a juvenile locomotive. She pushed it about twenty times leisurely back and forth over one wristband; then it was switched off, and she sat down to chat with her daughter and a girl from the neighborhood, who was dressmaking for her. Then, catching up a distaff, and beginning to spin, she seemed to be struck with admiration of herself, and asked us in Portuguese if her man were not lucky to have a wife who could cook, and wash and iron, and make dresses, and spin and weave.

Assuring her he was much to be solicited, I ran into the street to be sure that our sentries were on duty, and to my great joy met our

mountaineers. They had been to the top of the peak; had been driven down by a hard rain; in some mysterious way had missed our courier; and, merely by great good luck, were here at half-past one, instead of at dusk. Cutting short G——'s questions, we mounted him on a fresh donkey, and started for "The Top."

The villagers, who by this time knew the whole story, and gathered in excited groups in the street, shouted "*Boa viagem!*" after us. "The Top" was finally reached, and the last farewells uttered. "Good-by!" shouted Manuel in broad English, as his last tribute to us. Anton, the handsome dog, put his hand on his heart, and tried to look sentimental. "More Americans will come soon, Anton," we said, by way of consolation. "Ah, *senhora*, but *naõ si bom, si bonita*" (but none so good, so beautiful), — a delicate compliment with which our prince of donkey-men has doubtless sped his parting guests for the last ten years.

RED TAPE.

Saturday, Sept. 6.



PRESA! we shouted to the coachman. For reply he deliberately rolled up a cigarette, lighted it, and went to work mending his harness with a bit of stick in place of a missing buckle-tongue. "*Presá!*" again we screamed in chorus. For a few minutes we pressed; then he coolly gave the reins to G——, and fell asleep on his box. Seizing this momentary advantage, G—— goaded the mules incessantly; but there was no go in them, and we resigned ourselves to fate. At every descent where we might have increased our speed, cabbie dismounted, fixed an iron shoe to the hind wheel, and we ploughed painfully down, to come to a dead standstill at the bottom, and pull laboriously up again. Finally he announced that we must wait for bullocks. Our patience was exhausted. Leaving G—— to drive him, we walked ahead.

It seemed as if they would never overtake us; and, when they did, there were no bullocks to be seen. G—— doubted whether he had meant to get any, and thought he had only stopped for a friendly chit-chat with his fellow-citizens.

At eight in the evening we reached the outskirts of the city, got a view of the bay, and were greatly relieved to see our steamer's lights in the distance. Of course we were then in a greater hurry than ever. But what did our rascally coachman do, but draw up at a drinking-shop, get off his box, saunter in, throw down his money, and toss off his glass, as if all eternity lay before him! We stormed; we sent G—— in to drag him out. After a quarter of an hour he came out smiling, and calmly lighting his lamps went on at a brisk pace. Thump, thump! at the consul's door. No answer. Finally he appeared, and advised us to be off as soon as possible to the ship.

Up from the archway of the quay started our courier, as we rattled by. The captain was impatient to be gone; the baggage had not yet arrived; we must go on board then, or not at all. We flew to the hotel. There we were told that it would be useless to wait for our luggage; that

the men, knowing that they were already three hours behind time, would stay outside the city all night, and come in early in the morning. By that time "The Mississippi" would be well on her way to Madeira.

We despatched a boat to the steamer to notify the captain that we were in the city, our baggage momentarily expected, — would he wait? While this question was pending, a new perplexity arose. The custom-house would clear no luggage after seven. It was now half-past eight. A messenger was sent to the director of customs, who was regaling himself at his club, to ask an extension. For answer, the director replied that he would grant it to the regular steamer (of the Portuguese line), but not to "The Mississippi." Our blood was up. What could be done for a Portuguese should be done for a freeborn American. We sent G—— off to the consul, to order him to go personally to the director, and demand a clearance for us. Meantime word came from the captain that the steamer should wait till eleven o'clock, and "not a moment longer." G—— returned disheartened. The Senhor Thomas was "afraid of the night air, and could not go out," but gave him a note to the director. Armed

with this, G—— finally forced an entrance to the club, and got a written permit from the director to take our baggage on board any time before midnight. Speechless we sat and waited.

It was ten o'clock when the welcome news was brought that the donkeys with the luggage were on the quay. We walked briskly down. There was need of haste. We passed through the arch, and out upon the pier. All was darkness. The water lapping the side of the dock was the only sound. A man lay asleep on a bench. We woke him. "Where were the *burros*? the boatmen?" He pointed sleepily through a long colonnade to the pier on the other side the dock. G—— plunged into the darkness, shouting "Selima!" We saw him at last on the other side, jumping over barrels, and screamed to him to be careful not to fall off the pier. He came back troubled. We could only suppose that the men were awaiting us at the upper landing, and hurried in that direction.

The steamer lights bobbed up and down on the waves in the distance, and to our excited fancy she was already under weigh. We turned down to the water-side once more, and through a long dark arch. A soldier with glistening

musket stood on guard, and eyed us suspiciously. A custom-house officer paced back and forth on the end of the quay. A pile of baggage lay near. The silhouettes of four jacks and their drivers were dimly distinguishable. The rattle of oars in their rowlocks approaching the quay could be heard. At sight of us, the men started up, and began to clamor for drink-money. Sternly reproving them for being "*si tarde*," we bade them begone, and ordered the baggage into the boat.

"*Não hé possível, senhora*," said the custom-house lackey.

Triumphantly waving our license in his face, we persisted; and he contented himself with calling our attention to the fact that it was good only till midnight.

Impatient of further delay, we embarked. Nearly two miles of rough water lay between us and our steamer. Should we ever reach her? As we pulled under her black stern a cold chill came over me. A rope was thrown. It fell with a whack on our artist's head, knocking her spectacles into the bottom of the boat.

The boat rose fearfully on the swell, and banged against the ship's steps. A figure leaned

over the side of the ship, and asked half surlily, "What have you got there?" Some one beside him whispered, "It's the ladies." The captain ran down the steps. "So you've come at the last minute of grace," said he; and before we were fairly over the bulwarks we were steaming away for Madeira.

A voluble Keltic stewardess received us, and put us to bed; but the overstrained nerves refused to be quieted, and in that state of sleepless exhaustion, which follows the most terrible tension, we passed the rest of the night. The next three days, like almost all days for me at sea, are a blank in my diary.

MADEIRA.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.



TUESDAY, Sept. 9, at five A.M., I crawled on deck. We were coasting along the southern shore of Madeira. The Madeira group consists of five islands, — Madeira, twelve miles wide by thirty-five miles long; three small, uninhabited islands to the south-east of it, called the Desertas; and Porto Santo, to the north-east. The latter is chiefly remarkable as having been the temporary abode of Columbus, while he was maturing his plans for a shorter passage to India.

Although a volcanic island, Madeira presents a different appearance from the Azores, with few conical hills, and no apparent craters. A serrated ridge, rising in some of its peaks to the height of six thousand feet, forms, as in the others, the backbone of the island. From this central mass, at almost regular intervals, steep

ridges, as if set as buttresses to the principal range, extend to the very shore. Between these ridges lie richly cultivated valleys, sloping up from the sea to the base of the central range; and the shore at the foot of these valleys is indented, forming little hemispherical bays between the headlands. Along these bays lie the villages of Madeira.

The land seems to rise in very narrow, natural terraces from the sea, back upon the mountain-slopes, and in the intervening valleys. These terraces are of the most vivid green, being devoted to the culture of the sugar-cane. Sugar-mills are planted here and there along the shore. For twenty miles, we steam along quite near the shore. Soon the terraces disappear; and instead of sloping sierras, the mountain-spurs terminate abruptly in magnificent precipices, with sheer faces from one to two thousand feet in height. These cliffs are of lava, of the general color of our old red sandstone, with broad seams of leady black, of burnt sienna, and of pure vermilion, crossing their faces in irregular lines. Their beauty of color, grandeur of form, and sublimity of height are indescribable.

Every accessible shelf of rock, every available

spot, is cultivated, and clad in richest verdure. This is the region of vineyards from which the famous Madeira wine is made.

A picturesque road round the island follows the windings of the shore. Now it is a narrow shelf cut low down in the very face of the cliff. Then one may trace it far up on the dizzy heights. Now it is seen creeping round a rocky headland, through a tunnel lighted by window-slits blasted out of the solid cliff; and anon it leaps from rock to rock on the very edge of the sea, on solid walls of masonry.

At last two conical hills with depressed summits appear; and, rounding a low point, we find ourselves off "Loo Rock," the citadel so familiar to us in the geography pictures of our childhood,—in the port of Funchal, the capital of Madeira.

The town is compactly built with stone houses painted white, yellow, drab, or pink, two and three stories high, and nearly all with four-sided or pyramidal, tiled roofs. The chief part of it lies along the water-side, and the mountain-spurs rise steeply up from behind it to the highest point of land.

Two immense gorges divide the island here



into three parts. The mountain-sides are dotted with handsome villas. A church with two tall, white towers stands far up, two thousand feet above the sea. The governor's residence, a long, yellow building, with arched windows, stands on the quay, from which a fine avenue of sycamores leads up into the town.

Slowly steaming in, we pass an American brig anchored, with a yellow flag flying from her peak. It bodes no good to us.

The bay is full of gayly painted boats, green, yellow, blue, black, orange, with a streak of white or orange at the top, and the keel rising as high as a man's head above the gunwale at both prow and stern. One bearing the Portuguese flag, and covered with an awning, draws solemnly up to the steamer. It is the "healthy boat," as our English-speaking Portuguese steward calls it, and contains our consignee and the "healthy doctor" in uniform. Our captain descends the steps. Hats are lifted. "Where do you hail from?" — "New Bedford." — "How many passengers? How many in steerage? Any sickness? Any deaths? A doctor on board?" Thank God, no sickness, no deaths, a good physician on board, yet the dreaded sentence is

pronounced against us: "You must go into quarantine for at least five days." All because of yellow fever at Memphis!

We are too proud to complain. Not a remonstrance is uttered. We all feel it would be useless to argue against the idiotic red tape of such a government. One foolish individual, rather used up by seasickness, indulges in a few tears. Our captain, with polite satire, requests our consignee to telegraph to John Tucker, Portuguese consul at New Bedford, to find out whether any deaths from yellow fever have occurred in that port since the sailing of the steamer. If not, we shall, of course, be free.

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IN QUARANTINE OFF FUNCHAL.

Tuesday, Sept. 9.



A GUARD is put on board. We are ordered to hoist a yellow flag, and to anchor off far from the town on quarantine ground. We feel like lepers, and pretty mad lepers at that.

An English steamer from the Gaboon steams in ahead of us. In an hour or two she will sail, and take letters. We fall to writing as a vent for our misery. It is exasperating to sit here seasick, within a stone's-throw of the town, seasawing on the tide, and drifting lazily round on our anchor-chains as the wind takes us, and see the other steamer discharge her cargo and passengers.

As if in mockery of our woe, a boat comes out, and brings Muscatel grapes, white, each one as large as a Brazil-nut, in clusters a foot long, one weighing eight pounds. We signal for a

boat to carry our letters ashore. One pulls out, but it is ordered back by the guard to get leave from the custom-house to carry our letters to the post-office. Luckily the English steamer is delayed in port. At five the custom-house boat with solemn official returns. Our letters are sent down. They pass through the hands of all the oarsmen into a fumigating box at the stern, and so go ashore.

Night settles down. No answer to our despatch, which should have come hours ago. The waves run high. Evidently with the expectation of an attempt on the part of some of us to effect a landing, a guard-boat is sent out to watch the steamer. We see it hovering about us all the long, dark, squally night, and take a savage pleasure in hoping its occupants are as uncomfortable as we are. We know now how Napoleon felt at St. Helena.

Wednesday, Sept. 10, still in quarantine; far from shore; a heavy swell; a painful glare; at the mercy of wind and tide, and every way miserable. It is now half-past eleven in the morning; half-past seven in New Bedford, and John Tucker not yet at his office. Dinner is hardly tasted. Even the captain is glum. At three

In the afternoon, getting desperate, we hold council of war, and decide to memorialize the American consul. An eloquent appeal is drawn up. "Why," we inquire, "are not boat's crews, who handle infected letters, also regarded as infected? Why may wine-presses and barrel-staves be landed from an infected ship? and why are we kept here as prisoners, when steerage passengers with their bedding from our ship have been already discharged at the Azores?"

A boat replied to our signal. E—— hands the letter over the ship's side to the boatmen. "*Naõ possivel!*" shrieks the guard, snatching back the letter. "It cannot go." "It shall go," says our little woman; and the captain coming to her aid orders the guard to send for the "healthy doctor" to "*fazer hum visite.*" So it takes six muscular men, and the healthy doctor, and four miles of hard rowing, to carry my inoffensive little missive ashore. A reply from our consul, to the effect that he considers our treatment as unwarrantable persecution, acts like a tonic on us.

Thursday, Sept. 11, a boat attempting to bring us fruit and flowers is turned back by the guard. The coils are tightening about us. Ships

from England, ships from Africa, come and go, and no relief yet. Another sunset, and not a word from home. . . . Such a sunset! The Desertas bathed in glowing pink; the eastern cliffs of Madeira itself, deep crimson softening to violet; the dome-shaped peaks shining like burnished gold, and deepening to a rich copper-color in the fading light; the gorges deep and black, and gauzy blue clouds floating over them.

Friday, Sept. 12, the gentlemen rise at four in the morning to fish. It is a funny sight to see a row of full-grown men trolling their lines over the ship's side, with watch-keys for sinkers. Their piscatorial efforts are not crowned with success. Whole schools of a pale blue fish play about the ship, and bite off the sinkers without touching bait or hook. An abject punster remarks that they want the keys for their watch below; but we have reached the dogged state where we cannot even laugh at a bad joke.

Breakfast goes off untouched. Finally a melancholy voice at the stern says, "Here comes the boat with the awning." Nobody stirs. In the wake of the official boat, now appear one, two, three others. Evidently the danger of infection is over. We crowd to the steps. The

captain descends. There is a painful silence of a few seconds. Will nobody ever speak?

"It is all well at New Bedford," then slowly says the health-officer: "you are free." "Haul down that yellow flag, hoist the ensign!" quickly shouts the captain. We applaud, the health-officer scowls.

It seems as if that dirty yellow rag would never come down. It quivers a little, then drops, and the dear old stars and stripes, the bonniest flag of all the earth, runs swiftly up to the peak, and streams in all its beauty to the breeze. Not a few eyes are streaming too. "Pshaw!" says somebody, "don't be sentimental." Go out of sight of your flag, and out of hearing of the grand old Saxon speech, and live for a while under a petty despotism, and see how you feel about it then.

Our friends from the shore boarded us to tender their congratulations; but I am proud to say there were no "treats," no brandy and water, no wine, no beer. Capt. H—— is too high-principled to fuddle his brain and paley his hand with liquor, with a ship's company and cargo in charge.

ASHORE IN MADEIRA.

Friday, Sept. 12.



WE pulled for the shore in one of the queer little boats, followed by a rickety old tub full of naked youngsters who clamored for silver. We threw small silver coins as far away from their boat as we could into deep water. They dived like lightning flashes from their boat side, and, seizing the coin before it touched bottom, shouted its value as they rose to the surface, puffing and blowing the water from their mouths.

The surf ran high as we drew near the shelving beach. Three or four men stripped up their linen trousers to the hips, and, plunging into the tide, seized our stern, and fastened a rope to it, the other end of which was attached to two bullocks on shore. With goads and cries the bullocks were then urged ahead, and drew us, boat and all, high up on the shingly beach. So we finally got ashore at Madeira.

The city of Funchal shows more signs of wealth and comfort than any we have seen in the other islands. Passing up through the beautiful avenue of familiar sycamores, we reached the *Praça* (Plaza), a promenade shaded by Madeira mahogany and Indian fig trees. It occupies the middle of the main street of the town. An ancient cathedral, containing a beautiful carved ceiling of juniper wood, stands at one end of the *Praça*. A quaint old fort with small peaked turrets at the angles is at the other.

Followed by a crowd importunately begging or offering their wares, laces, woodwork, and baskets, we entered the market-place by a great stone gate. It is well shaded and paved. Women squatted on the pavement behind enormous baskets, containing, as it seemed to us, the fruits of all zones and seasons, — grapes of every color and kind, oranges, lemons, bananas, figs, mangoes, rose apples, guavas, apples, pears, nectarines, peaches, and melons. Inside the market-place is a circular building used as a circus. There is no theatre in Madeira, but the most popular shows are those that bear the name of an American circus. One had just gone. It consisted of several athletes and a real lion. The latter


produced a great sensation, as heretofore only stuffed ones have been brought here.

Adjoining the market-place is the Royal Edinburgh Hotel, not half so grand as its name, but excellent in all respects. More like an English cottage than a hotel, in external appearance, it stands in the midst of a pleasant garden, which, like all estates in the islands we have visited, is surrounded by a wall of lava twelve feet high and two feet thick. The whole area is covered with a bowery trellis under which bloom roses, cape jessamine, hibiscus, and althæas of every shade.

From our dining-room great folding-doors are flung wide open upon a paved court-yard extending along the back of the house, with a sea-wall against which the Atlantic softly surges. This court is a bower like the garden, formed by the skilful interlacing of the branches of trees, from which hang cages filled with tropical birds. Rare ferns everywhere; lizards darting on the walls; and wicker chairs tempting the loungee at every step. The English season lasts only from October till May, and there are but few guests as yet.

QUEER CONVEYANCES.

Friday, Sept. 12.

S we must make the most of our time, we order a *carro*, or bullock-sledge, for a ride before dinner. These are the oddest-looking vehicles imaginable. They are like two clumsy sleighs made of basket-work, broad and stubbed, with no dashers, but joined by their dasher ends. A little black, wooden door on either side, and on the door the number of the *carro* in great yellow figures. This awkward body is mounted on low, wooden runners with rounded ends, big and rudely fashioned. The cushions are covered with Turkey red; and an iron frame-work supports the top, which is of black enamelled cloth. The front, back, and side curtains of the *carro* are of white cotton cloth. They are tied together with tapes, or left to fly in the breeze, as the occupant chooses.

There is no front or back to the *carro*; and the

team, a pair of yellowish bullocks, may be hitched at either end. The yoke is of the most primitive make, and the tongue of the sledge is fastened to it by a thong of ox-hide with the hair on.

A man with a heavy goad walks by the side of the sledge. A boy, with a switch of horse-hair, goes ahead of the cattle. He keeps the flies from the bullocks, and guides them with the butt end of the switch and loud cries of "*Ca ca oca ca para mi boi!*" (Come, whoa, come here to me, O oxen!) The business of the man is to keep the sledge from sliding on the steep hills and round the street-corners. This he does sometimes by thrusting his goad under the runner, and sometimes by bracing himself by the shoulders against the body of the *carro*. Now and then he runs ahead of the sledge, and throws down under the runners a great bag of grease to make their passage easier.

There are no carriages in the town, as it would be impossible to use them on the steep streets of the island. In fact, there are no wheeled vehicles on the island. Ladies make their calls on horseback or in hammocks. On horseback they carry their parasols, and are attended by a *burrequiere*, or muleteer, who leads the animal, and keeps off the flies with the horse-tail switch.

Hammock-riding is carried to perfection in Funchal. One hires a hammock and bearers at the street-corner, as one would a hack in Boston. The hammock is covered at one end with a canopy of pink or blue cambric, and a broad frill of the same depending from the two edges of the hammock conceals the recumbent form of the occupant. Each has its mattress and pillow. Especially acceptable to ladies and invalids, it must not be supposed that they are disclaimed by the stronger sex. On the contrary, one meets the robust business man returning to his late dinner, reclining luxuriously in his hammock, and reading his mail or his evening paper as he goes.

All the trucking is done on a vehicle like a stone-boat, a mere plank not more than eighteen inches wide, drawn by bullocks.

The streets are paved with small beach-stones set on their edges, and the roadway is often divided into three narrow sections by two rows of larger cobble-stones. There are no sidewalks; and the pavements are worn so flat and polished so smooth by the constant passage of the *carros* with the grease-bags, that it is next to an impossibility for a pedestrian in shoes to get up the steep, slippery streets.

The *carro* is a pleasant though not a rapid mode of conveyance. We rode for some miles along the shore between high walls and under trellises covered with great masses of bougainvillea in full bloom. We passed the Consumptives' Home, a free hospital founded by the Queen of Portugal, whose daughter died here of that terrible disease. Madeira, with a dry, bracing air, and a mean temperature of 65°, is now considered preferable to the South of Europe for incipient pulmonary disease. We alighted at the Portuguese cemetery. The grave-stones contained tin-types of the deceased. All along the walls were bougainvilleas with trunks as large as a child's body.

SIGHT-SEEING.

Saturday, Sept. 12.



We go out early for a tour through the shops. They abound in inlaid work, displaying to the best advantage the beautiful cabinet woods from which the island takes its name. The basis of all the inlaid work is the Til wood, which is found only on this island and the Canaries. It resembles rosewood in color and in capacity for fine polish.

We found embroideries equalling those of the French, both in quality and cost; baskets, grass mattings, and wicker furniture for a mere song. Monkeys, with parrots and other gay birds from the African coast, were exposed for sale at the shop-doors.

The streets were full of peasants, many in holiday costume, — the women in large red flannel capes, and laced bodices of some brilliantly contrasting color; the men in shirts and Turkish

trousers of white linen, with bright-colored suspenders; both sexes in broad collars buttoned with a couple of large gold buttons; little skull-caps of dark-blue broadcloth, prolonged into a sort of tail, stuffed and standing up stiffly from the crown, with scarlet lapels on the rim. High white leather boots, quite loose in the leg, which is turned down in a broad flap at the top, complete the costume of both.

From the shops we went to the cathedral of Santa Clara, being to our surprise first introduced to the convent adjoining the church. Our *carro*-driver seated us before a large double grating, a cruel separation between the nuns and the outer world, because neither hand nor lips can reach between to touch other hands and lips that are dear.

The abbess, a big old woman of seventy, in a full robe of shiny black cambric, took her seat on the other side of the grating. A tight fitting cap of black cambric came down in a point over her nose, arching over her eyes. She produced for sale to the strangers some ugly feather-flowers. Against our consciences we bought some, and we asked the lady superior how long she had been in the convent. Ever since she was eight years old,

with the exception of two short intervals, when, on account of illness, she was allowed to go out. Sixty years of isolation from the world, with the mistaken idea that she was doing God's service with no better occupation towards her own development and that of others than the making of feather-flowers!

In the church is the tomb of Zarco, the discoverer of Madeira, a much-decorated Gothic arch, and three animals couchant at the base, so old and worn that we could not distinguish what they were meant for. The walls of the church are high and entirely covered with large and brilliant-colored tiles of various designs. Here and there they are combined in large pictures illustrating scriptural subjects.

After lunch another ride in the *carro*. Leaving the town behind, we pulled up the almost perpendicular streets for more than a mile, between high walls, in the crevices of which grew the beautiful maiden-hair fern, — *Adiantum capillus Veneris*. High above our heads were trellises arching from wall to wall, covered with vines, from which drooped great bunches of purple and white grapes. Olive-skinned faces peered at us over the walls, and baby hands were stretched out to us, begging for money.

We finally reached a high ridge of table-land, where a road ran at right angles with our ascent. The driver invited us to alight; and we followed him up a long flight of stone steps to a beautiful private garden filled with rare flowers, — great masses of the yellow trumpets of the allamanda; immense bougainvilleas; roses, pale yellow on the outside, and blood-red at the heart; the most fantastic orchids, and several kinds of palm-trees.

In the middle of the garden is an enormous trunk of an old chestnut-tree said to be over two hundred years old. One cannot imagine a tree of its size. The Connecticut River elms are nothing to it. Rare vines are twining over the gnarled trunk, and the mutilated stumps of its giant arms are hidden in a mass of greenery. From the garden we went into an adjoining field to see a Til-tree, which somewhat resembles the oak in general growth, arrangement of its branches, and in its fruit. Its foliage is like that of the classic laurel, — the leaves in clusters, dark green, shiny, oval, and acuminate at base.

Following the road round the plateau, we spied great stone pines far above us, whose flat tops are so familiar to us in Italian sketches. A

rapid, noisy stream of sparkling and icy-cold water flowed by the roadside in an artificial channel a foot wide; a great volume of water evidently flowing with some purpose. The "Lavada," said our driver in answer to our inquiring look; and we guessed that this stream supplied the town with water for purposes of irrigation. It was even so. The mountain springs and brooks are collected in great tanks, or artificial ponds, far up on the heights, from which several main conduits take the water to the lower tablelands. From here many branches are directed down the steep streets; from which special water-courses lead into each man's fields and vineyard. The necessity of this provision was obvious, when we were informed that no rain had fallen in Funchal for five months.

After dinner at six, we sat down in a balcony overhanging the sea. In front of us lay the great English transport-ship, "The Euphrates," six thousand tons burden. She sailed in to-day with the Thirteenth Regiment, which has been absent fourteen years from England, and is now fresh from the Zulu war. There are two thousand men aboard the ship, and one of the best hands in the English service, which plays all the evening.

The port of Funchal is very lively by comparison with those of the Azores. It has telegraphic communication with all creation by cable to Lisbon and Brazil. We are but two days by steamer from Lisbon, one and a half from Teneriffe, five days from Cape Town, and four from Liverpool. Steamers from Havre, Antwerp, Hamburg, Lisbon, and Bordeaux are constantly touching here. Ships from England, ships from Africa, come and go daily. The people here speak of Africa with the same neighborly familiarity as the Azoreans do of "the Brazils."

Some of our ship's company entertain us with their day's adventures, and are especially excited over the horsemanship of Capt. S——, a Nantucket whaleman, who, they declared, got off on the wrong side of his horse. "Wall," cried the captain, "I got off the lee side, anyway, and I'll leave it to the company"— But the gallant captain did not finish his sentence; for the roar that followed "the lee side of a horse" may be imagined.

ON HORSEBACK.

Sunday, Sept. 14.

AT nine A.M. we set out for an excursion to the church of Nossa Senhora de Monte (Our Lady of the Mountain), two thousand feet above the sea. The cavalcade consisted of the whalers, the doctor, the chief engineer, the collegian, and two other gentlemen on horseback; the artist and the invalid, each in her hammock with its escort of three men; and I on a spirited black horse with a man to lead him on occasion.

After the gentle little donkeys of the Azores, the great restive horse seemed really terrible. How any horse, even though shod with spiked shoes, can ascend the precipitous streets, is a mystery. There is absolutely no foothold. On the steepest places the road is paved in curving ridges with narrow furrows between; and the great creatures, selecting their way sagaciously,

literally jump up with short leaps from one ridge to another, holding with firm grip to each. The sensation to a lady rider on a small, slippery leather saddle, with a seat insecure under the best of circumstances, can be better imagined than described. The angle of the road was such, that my knee on the saddle-horn pressed against my body, and every upward leap of the horse threw me back, and threatened to unseat me. It was terribly trying to nerve and muscle.

So, by a series of jerks and jumps, we reached the Lavada, and wound in and up till we came out on the edge of the terrible gorge which terminates higher up in what is called the Little Corral. Our plan was to ascend on one side of this gorge to a height opposite the church, descend into the gorge, wind up to "Our Lady" on the other side, and coast down on one of the famous coasting-sleds of Madeira. Mother Goose's famous melody of the

"Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day,"

is entirely eclipsed in Funchal by a coast from the Mount Church to the city, down which gentlemen coast on summer mornings from their

villas to their counting-rooms, a distance of over two miles, in from eight to fifteen minutes.

The views as we went up were sublime. All the south side of the island lay before us sloping sharply to the sea, the whole landscape etherealized by a rare and delicious atmosphere. Loo Rock looked like a little black hat-box that had floated off shore.

Fresh streams of pure water flowed beside us. The mountain-sides rose steeply in terraces from shore to summit. It seemed as if the land had slipped at different times, forming steps two or three feet deep, and thirty to forty wide. The people, taking advantage of these natural terraces, wall them up and plant thereon sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, and vines. There are hundreds of these narrow shelves between the shore and the height we finally attained.

We wound between ledges of the American agave, whose pale blue bayonets bristled at the right and left of us. Eucalyptus-trees trembled above us; the snaky leaves of the prickly pear crept over the banks which were matted with the *Hedera Canariensis* in full bloom. The sensitive foliage of the delicate mimosa stood in strange juxtaposition with the commonly called English

walnut, but more properly the Madeira nut, since it flourishes best in this island. Finally we came to a little inn perched on a broader terrace overhanging the gorge, picturesquely nestled in a grove of mimosa-trees with foliage as iridescent as we sometimes see the lycopodium in green-houses.

The men rested the hammock-poles upon a wall, and by turns went in for a smoke and a draught of Madeira wine. The gentlemen dismounted. I kept my seat. The clouds came down to our level, and it began to rain hard. We were tired and chilly, and gladly sipped a little of the soft, rich wine. Very little genuine Madeira wine ever finds its way to the United States. It is made from a mixture of black and white grapes, and when three or four years old is of a rich topaz color. Wine of this age is retailed in the shops for fifty cents a bottle, and the newer from twenty-five to thirty-six cents.

After our rest and refreshing, we began the descent. It would have been difficult for a donkey: it looked impossible for horses. The path, a series of sharp zigzags just wide enough for the animal and his leader. A sheer precipice down hundreds of feet at the left; and at the

right a solid wall towering as high, in the clefts of which grew the rarest and most beautiful ferns. Down we drop gradually and anxiously by a series of rugged, rocky steps, wet and slippery, only wide enough for the horse to plant his forefeet upon them with a cautious jump, and carefully draw his hind-feet after.

The rain increases. All outside of the hammocks are wet to the skin. We meet a peasant in his Sunday clothes on his way up to a dance at the inn. He is singing and twanging his *requinta* as he goes. I scream with delight at the sight of a grotto filled with a little kidney-leaved fern. My *burrequero*, desirous to please me, scrambles up the bank, and clutching a handful runs ahead to the hammocks with it. My horse, fully aware of my helplessness, indulges in a little curvetting. The doctor's becomes unmanageable. Our Portuguese friend on his little pony, encourages and warns us. A few miserable thatched roofs appear on the terrace below us; behind them a narrow lane, through which we see the gallant captain charging bravely, and generously pouring coppers into the uplifted hands outstretched on either side. Soon we come out on a paved street beside the church. I am lifted

dripping from my horse, and join my friends whose hammocks are surrounded by a gaping crowd in the church porch.

Mass is over; but we enter the church, which is one of the oldest in Madeira. One occupying the same place was built soon after the discovery of the island, and the present structure is one hundred and eighty years old. A large parish is settled about it in a wide circuit, and the crowd at the *feita* days of the church is immense. They camp in the woods all about, and sing all night. The altar was surrounded with the votive offerings one sees everywhere in a Catholic country. Sallow wax models of every part of the human body, legs, arms, breasts, ears, noses, distorted baby feet, and faces horribly life-like. These represent diseased members of persons, whose kindred have vowed these commemorative offerings to the Virgin on condition of the recovery of their beloved.

The priest in attendance took us into an adjoining shed, to show us a great round stone like a bomb-shell. He gravely told us that in the last revolution this ball was fired from the town below, and was found lying on the altar, and nothing damaged in or about the church. One

of us sceptics took the liberty to inquire how the ball got in. He looked nonplused for a second, then replied blandly, "Oh, a window was open!" The impossibility of elevating a cannon at the necessary angle, and the impossibility of the result, seemed not to occur to the mind of the Portuguese gentleman who accompanied us.

The priest then went on to relate the story of some sacrilegious robbers, who, after rifling the church of the sacred utensils, were restrained by some superhuman power from escaping with their booty. Neither bolt nor bar prevented them; but they could not go, and so were easily caught and sent to prison. The gentlemen — except the doctor, who was Puritanically principled against it — having deposited their offerings in the poor-box, we went out, the rain still pouring, to the sled stand.

COASTING.

Sunday, Sept. 14.



HE sled holds two people, and is like the *carro* cut in halves, — a wicker body on low wooden runners, projecting a little, and rounded at both ends, to prevent accident. Two men guide each sled. A stout rope extends from the point of each runner to the hand of the guide on either side.

The steep street, which is paved with small beach-stones set on their edges, and is worn flat, and polished by the constant passage of *carro* and sled, is unusually slippery to-day after the rain. The men dare not give the sled her head. It is very dangerous. With one hand firmly on the back of the sled, the other grasping the rope, they plant their bare feet squarely on the smooth pavement, and brace back with all their strength. Their pose and action are superb. One man falls, and is dragged some distance, but manfully

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clings to the rope, and keeps us in the track. We go very slowly; but, to us novices, it seems quite fast enough.

We coast under trellises arching from wall to wall, between which the road winds. Some of these trellises are covered with great masses of bougainvillea in full bloom; others bear squashes, with immense squashes supported by straps. Lower down, men are picking huge clusters of purple and white grapes, and drop them down into the sledge for us to eat as we go.

At last we reach the rain-level: the guides put on their shoes, and the fearful race begins. Running a little way till the sled acquires a momentum, the guides then jump upon the hind-ends of the runners, where they stand on one foot, guiding the sled by the ropes and the free foot. There are four sleds. The runners of those ahead of us smoke, and smell of burning wood. We hold our breath, and, frightened, clutch each other's hands. Our speed is terrific. To our horror, we in the last sled, being a little behind the rest, see a lady on horseback slowly advancing up the hill. It seems impossible for us to pass her safely, even if she hugs the wall, and her horse be quiet. It takes but an instant

to see that he is not quiet, and that the approaching sled terrifies him. In this instant a lifetime is lived. There is a dreadful vision of three women killed or mangled; one, still more to be pitied, spared to tell the tale at home. Just as we reach them, the horse pulls away from his leader, turns his nose to the wall, his hind-quarters to the sled. We cower, throw ourselves far over to the other side; our runner strikes the horse's ankle, and throws him and his rider entirely clear of our track. She and we are safe! Not a shriek nor a word has escaped any of us; but the two in the sled are faint and exhausted from the impending peril.

A few more dizzy zigzags, and we are at the bottom. Fifteen minutes coasting, including one or two stops, has accomplished what we were two hours and a half doing on horseback.

Our Portuguese escort urged us to partake of a "few sweets" at his house, before returning to our hotel. We were ushered into his parlor, which presented the appearance of a New-England sitting-room during spring-cleaning, — bare floor, dusty furniture, etc. He apologized for the room, assuring us that "it was usually quite clean; but we are now in mourning for my aunt,

and of course it is in disorder." Why cleanliness should be incompatible with grief, we were left to imagine. On the centre-table was a superb antique Chinese plaque, filled with black-edged visiting-cards, which our host exhibited with much pride, as testimonials of the sympathy of his many friends!

We finish our last shopping in Madeira that Sunday afternoon, and at four o'clock weigh anchor, bound again for the Azores.

IN THE AZORES AGAIN.

Wednesday, Sept. 17.



RETURNING to San Miguel, we visited the largest crater of the Azores, — that of the Sete Cidades, or Seven Cities. San Miguel is supposed to be nearer the centre of submarine volcanic action than the other islands. When first discovered, it was a broad and verdant plain. Returning later, with the intention of colonizing it, its discoverer found the plain elevated hundreds of feet into a mountain, which, in allusion to the projected settlements, now bears the name of the place of the Seven Cities. This crater is three and a half miles long by two miles wide, fifteen to eighteen hundred feet deep, and is occupied by two large lakes fourteen fathoms in depth, and named from their difference in color, — Lagoa Azul and Lagoa Verde.

The culture of the pine-apple is now receiving

much attention on this island; and we had an opportunity to taste this delicious fruit in its perfection. It grows very large, is of a deep yellow color, and luscious flavor. A few Chinamen have been imported, and the cultivation of the tea-plant attempted on some estates with good success.

Friday, Sept. 19, we leave San Miguel at half-past four in the afternoon. I take my tea bravely on deck; but soon after, by the captain's advice, we all go below. Hardly are we settled in our comfortless berths, before the ship begins plunging and pitching, rolling and standing first on her beam-ends, and then on her bow. It is a frightful hour. A pile of lumber is overturned, and comes crashing down; the ship steps beaten and broken against her sides; the gangway ladders thrown down, and bull's-eyes stove in.

One huge wave strikes us, and a great shriek goes up from all. It seems as if the ship could never right herself. Hogsheads of whale-oil get loose in the hold, and go bumping with every lurch of the ship from side to side. The steward's crockery is smashed; the purser's pottery follows. This is the climax. The gale moderates, and we have a better night, though the rolling of the vessel is fearful.

Strangely enough, when the squall was at its height I was not seasick. As long as fear possessed me, seasickness did not molest me; but with the abatement of the storm my old enemy returned in full force,—a fact that proves how much the mind and nerves have to do with the malady.

The first mate was on watch, and graphically described the approach of the wave. "I see it comin', and I froze to the windlass, and every thing near me went spinnin'." The captain said, "It came on in a solid wall like a tidal wave," and he never saw its like before.

Monday, Sept. 22, Pico with all its craters looms up ahead of us. A whale-ship is heaving about to the north of Fayal. We see the two men at the mast-head on the lookout for whales. He who first spies one is said to "raise a whale," and gets ten dollars bounty money from the owners. At noon we drop anchor in Horta bay, and boatman Jo comes aboard with letters from the States. It seems like getting home; and we forget for a moment that fourteen days of autumn gales, and two thousand miles of stormy sea, separate us from dear old Massachusetts.

Fayal is the rendezvous of the whalers from the neighboring whaling grounds, and we found the harbor full of them. At the hotel we made the acquaintance of many of the captains and their wives; and they are indeed a splendid type of New-England character. Shrewd and self-possessed, calm and heroic in time of danger, modest in success, hopeful under disappointment, full of faith and courage and of a simple piety of the old Puritanic stamp, never boastful, but quiet and self-contained, they are a band of brothers, emulous without rivalry, and with a genuine admiration of each other's valor.

Capt. C—— and his wife are much looked up to by the rest. He is a sunburnt fellow, sober, silent, and retiring; like all the rest, in the usual shore clothes of the sailor, blue broad-cloth suit and white waistcoat. His wife is a fine specimen of a smart Yankee woman. In her shiny alpaca gown, and stiff lace ruffle at her throat, she is as trig as her own brig. Her husband seems very proud of her, but is himself of gentler mien. Each defers pleasantly to the other, and neither is self-asserting.

It is whispered to me, by one of their fellow-townsmen, that they are "well out;" that they

own their vessel, "and a nice two-story house with green blinds;" that they have no children; and that "Miss C—— she has sailed with her husband goin' on sixteen years;" also, that she "takes the sun," that is, she makes the observations, and computes the latitude and longitude when her husband is busy with the oil.

"You must get Miss C—— to tell you how she saved her husband's life with hot plates," continued my informant. After much urging, she told us the story, in a subdued voice, with an admirable reserve and dignity, and a solemn sense of the awful peril through which her husband had passed. They had captured a whale, and got it alongside to cut up. The jaws were unusually large; and the captain himself was occupied in getting the upper one, which contains the whalebone of commerce, out from the head. As is usual, an immense iron hook was inserted in the lower jaw, attached to chains and blocks in the rigging, by which it was lifted. Within the cavity of the mouth thus formed, on a platform rigged over the ship's side, directly above the upper jaw, the captain stood hard at work, carefully cutting out the thin plates of whalebone from the upper jaw. His wife came up from

below, looked over the side at her husband's position, and exclaimed, "O William, how dangerous that looks!"

At that instant the hook gave way, the horrible jaw fell, crushing the staging to splinters, shutting the captain within the awful cavern of the mouth, and burying him under water. The cruel teeth penetrated the flesh of his back, goring him terribly; but the waves buoyed up the great jaw, and the captain, with the most remarkable presence of mind, feeling himself loosed, pushed his feet against the ship's side, and so kicked himself clear of the whale's mouth.

He was picked up for dead, and lifted on deck. He made signs that he was dying, and that he did not wish to be carried below. "But," said his wife, "I wa'n't a-goin' to give him up so: I told the men to carry him below; I stripped off his wet clothes. His face was gashed and bleeding; he couln't breathe; he gasped now and then; he was cold as death. I told the steward to heat all the plates there was on the ship, and I covered him with hot plates till I begun to feel him growing warm. Then I poured brandy into him. For five days and nights, I, and a man from forrard, watched and nursed

him. I wrapped him in poultices as big as a sheet, and changed them every twenty minutes, to take the soreness out of him; and so he lived."

Then, after a moment's pause, entirely ignoring her own grand part in the matter, the captain's wife added earnestly, "But he couldn't have lived if he'd ben a drinking man. He'd always ben strictly temperate: so, when he needed the brandy, it brought him right up." It was the best temperance lecture I ever heard.

"I dunno about the brandy," said the captain quietly. "I guess brandy couldn't have done much for me, without my wife; but, anyhow, I hain't never meddled much with whales' jaws sence."

Before there was a hotel in Fayal, the consul's house was the resort of the whalemén and their wives; and it was no uncommon thing for eighteen or twenty to happen in to dinner. This hospitable family gave us many thrilling tales of the dangers and daring of these people; of the tenderness, devotion, and valor of the men, and the courage, the fortitude, the energy and self-sacrifice of the women.

There was a humorous side to some of these

anecdotes, that bordered on the pathetic. On one occasion, the consul's wife, seeing one of the women, who had not been ashore for six months, sitting bolt upright in a stiff chair, politely urged her to lie down upon the couch and rest. "No, I thank you," said the woman: "I've ben a-layin' for six months, and I think I'd rather set a spell."

ADEOS!

Saturday, Sept. 27.

ALL too soon came the day for parting from the simple, kindly Azorean folk. Begging for the last moment of grace, our captain sends us word we need not go on board till midnight. The day is like a June day in New England; sky and sea so fair and calm.

We saunter out to Porto Pim in the afternoon. The little narrow street is full of sunshine. Women lean out of their casements to gaze at us for the last time. By the shore, bare-legged boatmen are rolling hogsheads of sperm oil into their lighters. Others are repairing their boats, drawn up high and dry on the beach. The women sit in the bows knitting, while the men hammer, and the babies roll in the sand.

The quay is a busy scene. Men are running in all directions with cargo and provisions for the "Vapor;" custom-house officials blustering; the Pico boats with lateen sails dancing up and down by the steps.

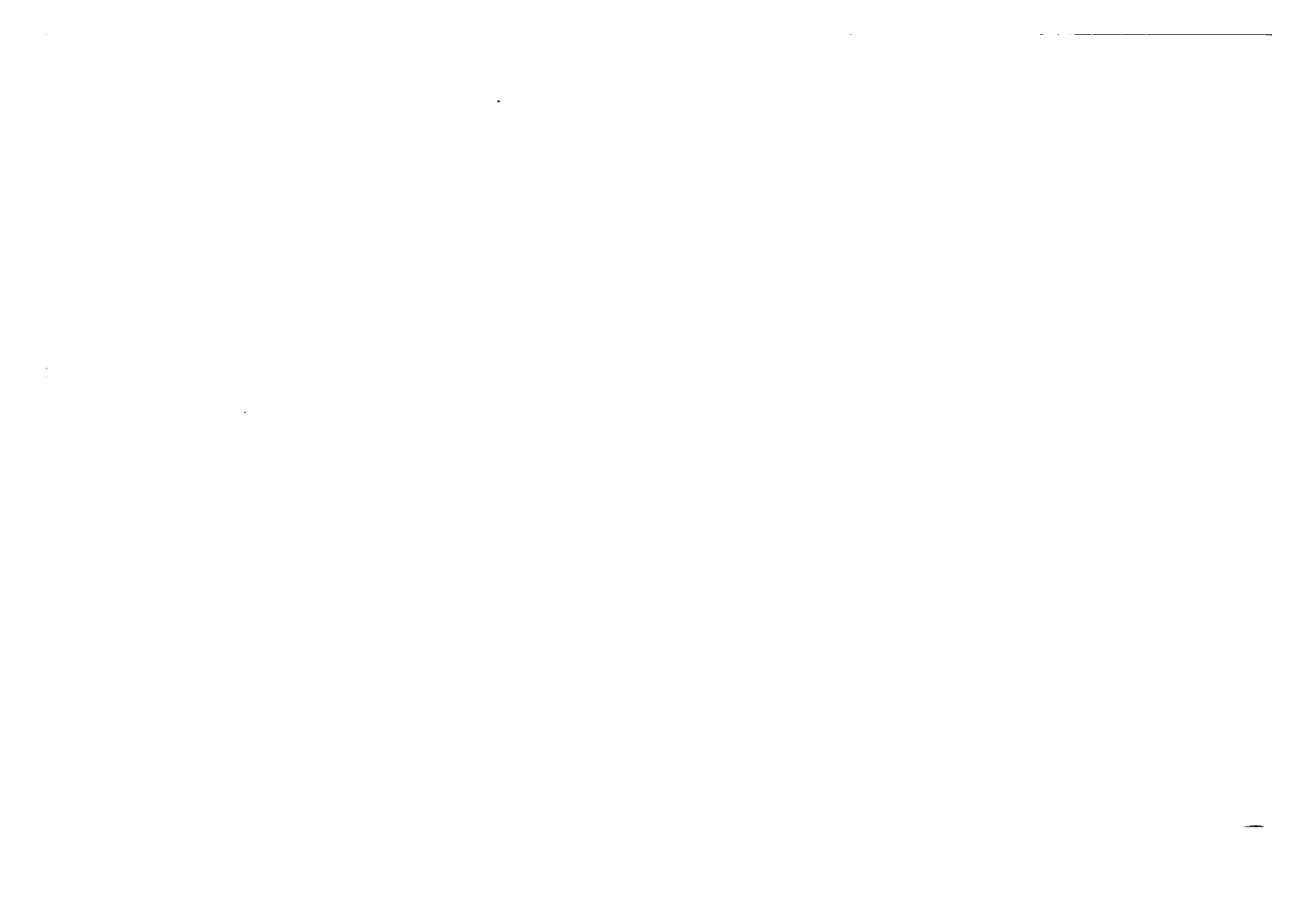


We sit down upon the sea-wall to watch the sunset. The surf, as it breaks against the opposite shore, is tinted with the rosy glow that creeps over the mountain, as a blush suffuses the cheek of a maiden. The ships, hurrying out to sea with all sails set, are like a crimson flock of tropical birds, flitting westward. The sky is red and golden; and soft, dun-colored clouds float behind the volcano.

For a moment the sea is a crimson flood. Gradually a gauzy blue mist gathers at the base of Pico, and, spreading upward like a veil drawn over the beautiful picture, the ruddy glory of the mountain deepens into purple gloom. So ever after the glow follows the gloom.

Silently, sorrowfully, we watch the twilight stealing on. The rosy clouds fade away, and the mountain lies black against a pale, blue sky, and belted with a strip of silvery mist; the sea below is a mirror of steel, with the little boats silhouetted in black on its surface.

Afar on the western horizon, the ships sail by, no longer with sails pink-flushed, but chalky white, with hulls and masts of inky blackness. So the day ends, and with it our summer in the Azores.





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